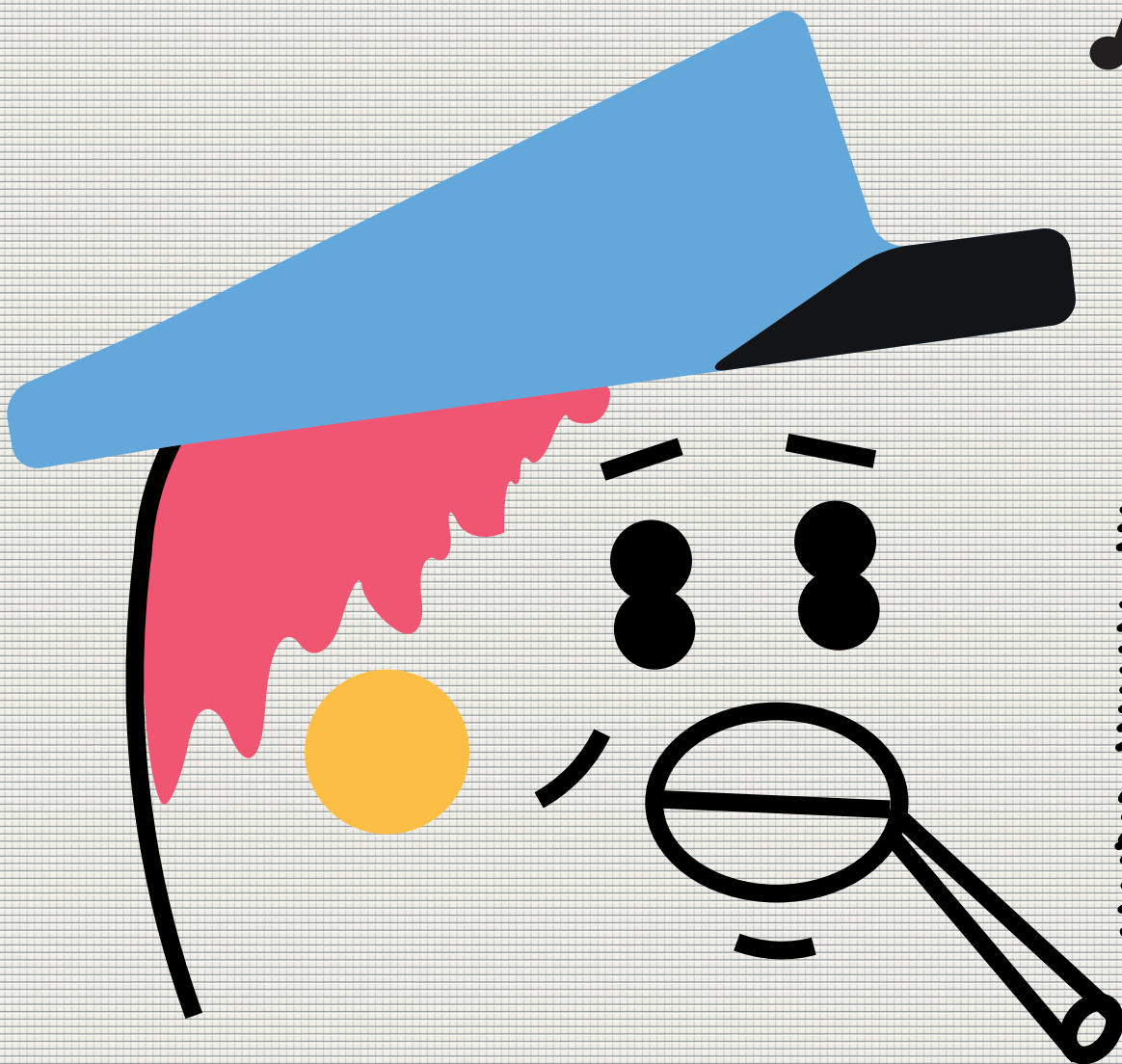
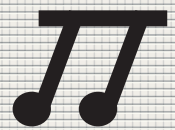


QUARANTiMES

MAGAZINE FOR THE LOCKED UP
LOTUS iSLAND



ISSUE 2 | MAY 2020 | FREE

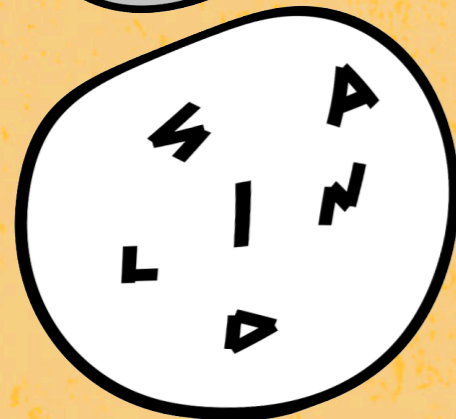
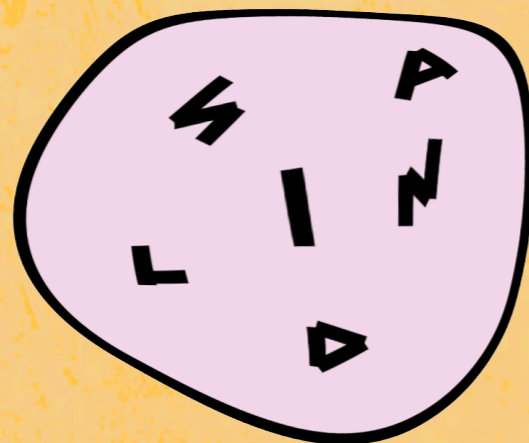
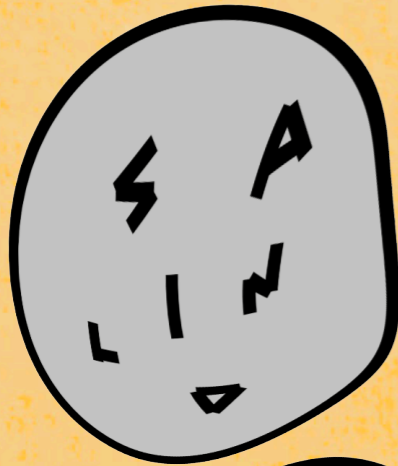
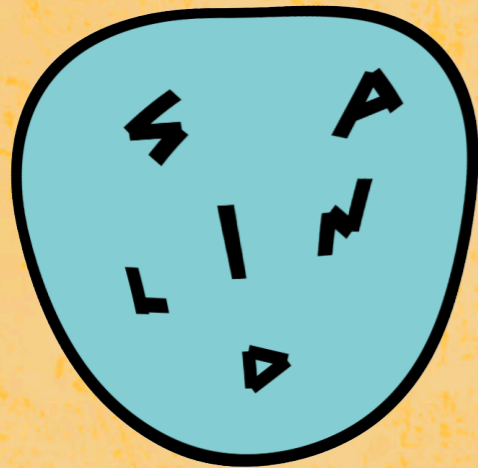
DO YOU THINK YOU CAN LEARN
SOMETHING NEW TODAY?





quarantimes

magazine for the locked up



The Lotus Island



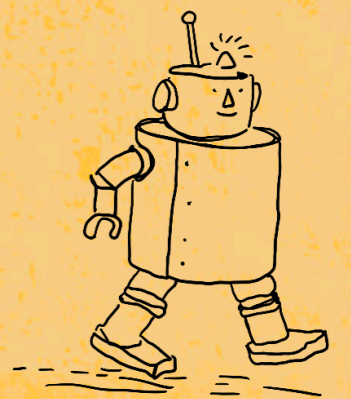
This seems like
a good zine!



Hmm. maybe.
The logos seem to have
melted from the heat

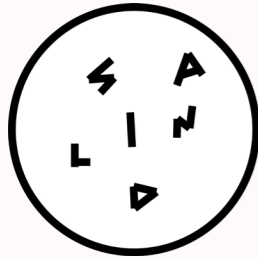


I'm tired already



Look
over
here





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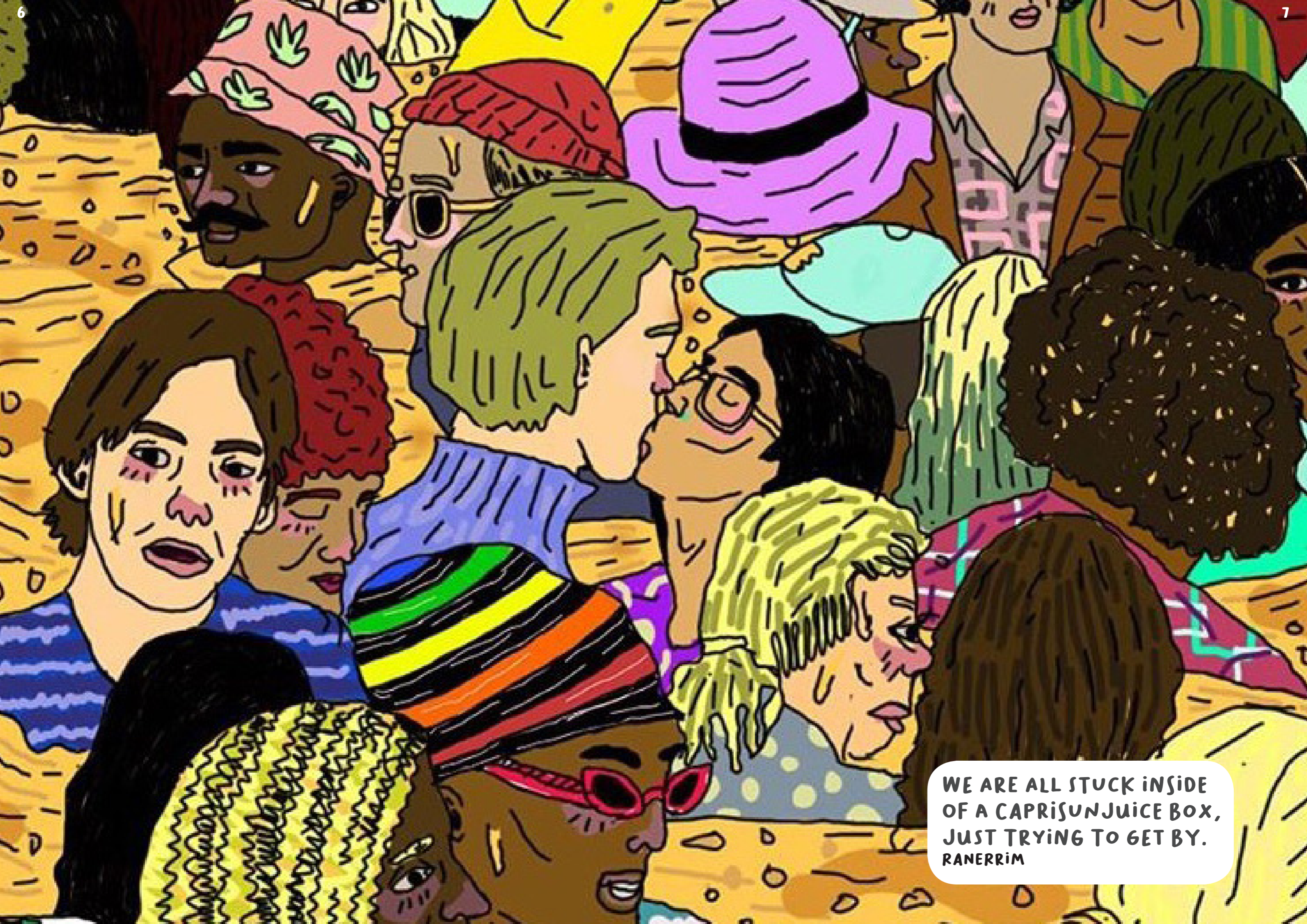
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WE ARE ALL STUCK INSIDE
OF A CAPRISUNJUICE BOX,
JUST TRYING TO GET BY.
RANERRIM

ΓΑΝΥΜΗΔΗΣ

του Ανδρέα Τζιωνή



Περι τυράννων και κολάκων

Ο Γανυμήδης καθόταν ανήσυχος σε ένα παλιό ταβερνάκι στο κέντρο της πόλης. Το ταβερνάκι ήταν γεμάτο. Ο ταβερνιάρης τού είχε πει πως ήταν τυχερός που ήταν μόνος, αφού είχε μείνει μόνο ένα ατομικό τραπέζι. Κοιτάζοντας τον με υποτιμητικό ύφος τον οδήγησε στο πιο μικρό τραπέζι που βρισκόταν στην μέση του κήπου, περικυκλωμένο από τέσσερα άλλα. Το μεγαλύτερο και πλησιέστερο σε αυτόν ήταν το τραπέζι στα δεξιά του. Ο Γανυμήδης είχε μεγάλη επιθυμία να πιεί. Ήταν τα γενέθλια του. Κάποιος, θα μπορούσε να αναρωτηθεί γιατί ο άνθρωπος δίνει σημασία στην ημερομηνία γεννήσεώς του. Η επιθυμία επιδεινώθηκε με το που πρόσεξε πως σε όλα τα τραπέζια γύρω του υπήρχαν ποτά. Δεν έβλεπε πρόσωπα. Μόνο μπύρες, ούζα και κρασιά. Έβγαλε βιαστικά από τη τσάντα του ένα βιβλίο και την καπνοθήκη του. Τύλιξε τσιγάρο, το άναψε και αφού έκανε μια ρουφηξιά, το ακούμπησε στο τασάκι και άνοιξε το βιβλίο. «Οι άνδρες με τα ροζ τρίγωνα».

Το βιβλίο εξιστορούσε τις εμπειρίες του συγγραφέα Χάιντς Χέγκερ, ενός ομοφυλόφιλου Αυστριακού κρατούμενου σε στρατόπεδο συγκέντρωσης των Νάζι κατά τη διάρκεια του Δευτέρου Παγκοσμίου Πολέμου. Το ροζ τρίγωνο, σύμβολο ντροπής, ήταν ραμμένο πάνω στην στολή των ομοφυλοφίλων. Οι Ναζί έραβαν κόκκινο τρίγωνο στους πολιτικούς κρατούμενους, πράσινο στους εγκληματίες και κίτρινο στους Εβραίους. Την χειρότερη μεταχείριση την δέχονταν οι Εβραίοι και οι ομοφυλόφιλοι ενώ την πιο ήπια οι εγκληματίες. Ένας ομοφυλόφιλος Εβραίος με ροζ και κίτρινο τρίγωνο ήταν καταδικασμένος. Ενώ ένας βιαστής ανήλικων αγοριών με πράσινο, θα μπορούσε να έπαιρνε ακόμη και θέση Κάπο, δηλαδή επικεφαλής ενός θαλάμου κρατουμένων.

Ο Σαρτρ κάποτε είχε πει πως οι Γάλλοι ήταν ελεύθεροι όσο δεν ήταν ποτέ άλλοτε κάτω από την Ναζιστική κατοχή. Κάτω από την ασφυκτική πίεση ενός δικτατορικού καθεστώτος φαινόταν η πραγματική φύση των ανθρώπων. Το ορμέμφυτο της ελευθερίας ξυπνούσε από τον αστικό λήθαργο. Μέσα από τις πιο καταπιεστικές συνθήκες, το μίσος, η αγάπη, η σεξουαλικότητα και το ένστικτο για επιβίωση φανερώνονται στις πιο καθαρές τους μορφές. Στα στρατόπεδα συγκέντρωσης έβγαιναν στην επιφάνεια τα αληθινά χρώματα των ανθρώπων, που καμουφλάρονταν πίσω από χρωματιστά τρίγωνα. Διαβάζοντας έφτασε σε ένα σημείο όπου ένας Κάπο με πράσινο τρίγωνο είπε στον εραστή του με το ροζ τρίγωνο, τον Χέγκερ, το μότο της ζωής του. «Ζήσε και άφησε τους άλλους να ζήσουν».

Ο Γανυμήδης, ακούμπησε το βιβλίο στο τραπέζι και τύλιξε τσιγάρο. Μια σερβιτόρα ήρθε στο τραπέζι του ενώ το άναβε. Την κοίταξε. «Πανέμορφη!», σκέφτηκε. Είχε μελαχρινό πρόσωπο και μακριά σγουρά καστανά μαλλιά. Τα μαλλιά ήταν δεμένα σε κότσο. Είχε μικρά καφέ ματιά και σαρκώδη χείλη. Τον κοίταξε στα μάτια και του χαμογέλασε. Ο χρόνος σταμάτησε. Ήταν ένα από αυτά τα χαμόγελα που σε κάνουν να επιθυμείς να μην γεράσεις ποτέ. Στάθμευσε το τσιγάρο στο τασάκι, δίπλα από το άλλο τσιγάρο. Το προηγούμενο μου τσιγάρο ακατανάλωτο, είπε μέσα του. Ελπίζω να μην το προσέξει!

«Καλησπέρα σας! Είστε έτοιμος να παραγγείλετε;» Ο Γανυμήδης είδε από πίσω της τον ταβερνιάρη να παίρνει μια μεγάλη σαλάτα στο μεγάλο τραπέζι στα δεξιά του. «Όχι ακόμη, ευχαριστώ», της απάντησε. Κοίταξαν ο ένας τον άλλο. Μήπως θα θέλατε να σας φέρω κάτι να πιείτε μέχρι να αποφασίσετε. «Ένα ποτήρι νερό, παρακαλώ.» «Δεν σερβίρουμε νερό σε ποτήρια, μόνο μπουκάλια.» «Παράξενο.» «Γιατί έτσι;» «Ο νόμος προβλέπει όπως τα μαγαζιά προσφέρουν νερό της βρύσης.» «Είσαστε δικηγόρος;» «Ήμουν.» «Και τι έγινε;» Ξαναπιάστηκαν τα βλέμματα τους. Σαν να έβλεπε γυναίκα για πρώτη φορά. Τι θα απέμενε από την ζωή χωρίς το φως της ομορφιάς; Είδε τον ταβερνιάρη να διασχίζει το ορατό του πεδίο και να κατευθύνεται με την σαλάτα πίσω στην κουζίνα. Σκοτάδι. Τα πεινασμένα μάτια γύρισαν πίσω στο φως. «Θα ήθελα να σας ζωγραφίσω» της είπε. Η σερβιτόρα χαμογέλασε αυθόρμητα, φανερώνοντας τα σιδεράκια που φορούσε στα δόντια της. Ο Γανυμήδης της χαμογέλασε πίσω. «Άνα Ρίτα!!» ακούστηκε από μέσα η φωνή του ταβερνιάρη. Αντίθετα συναισθήματα συγκρούονταν και αλληλοεξουδετερώνονταν, σχηματίζοντας ένα κενό βλέμμα στο πρόσωπο της. Γύρισε υποτακτικά, περισσότερο σαν σερβιτόρα παρά σαν άνθρωπος, και άρχισε να οδεύει προς την προστακτική φωνή του αφεντικού.

Ο Γανυμήδης την έβλεπε να φεύγει. Κοίταζε τα οπίσθια της να αναπηδούν στον ρυθμό του βιαστικού της βαδίσματος. Του φάνηκαν δυσανάλογα μεγάλα σε σχέση με το υπόλοιπο λεπτοκαμωμένο της σώμα. Του ήλθε μια ανομολόγητη επιθυμία. Έπνιξε με κάποια δυσκολία την φιλήδονη σκέψη του στο βαθύ πηγάδι της λογικής. Ένωσε μάτια να τον κοιτούν και γύρισε στα δεξιά του προς το μεγάλο τραπέζι. Τον κοίταζε μια κοπέλα, έφηβη. Δίπλα της καθόταν με ισιωμένη την πλάτη ένας ασπρομάλλης άνδρας με στραμμένο το κεφάλι προς την σερβιτόρα. Ένας έμπειρος πάνθηρας παρακολουθούσε υπομονετικά τον στόχο του. Ο Γανυμήδης ίσιωσε την πλάτη του. Η έφηβη ακόμη τον κοιτούσε έντονα περνώντας τα δάκτυλα του δεξιού χεριού της μέσα από τα μαλλιά της. Ασυνείδητα γύρισε το κεφάλι προς τα αριστερά του όπου και συναντήθηκαν τα μάτια του με τα μάτια μιας μεσήλικης γυναίκας με χρυσόξανθα μαλλιά.

Τα μάτια τους κλειδωθήκαν. Δυο ψυχές μοιράστηκαν πρόχειρα την μοναξιά τους. Αμήχανα, με σύντομη κίνηση η γυναίκα κατέβασε το βλέμμα προς το πιάτο της. Το πιάτο ήταν άδειο. Ο Γανυμήδης είδε να κάθονται δίπλα της ένας μεσήλικας άνδρας και ένα αγόρι από την άλλη. Οι τρεις τους είχαν στραμμένα τα μάτια προς τα πάνω του και κοίταζαν στο κενό. Τα βλέμματα τους, του φαίνονταν περισσότερο αφηρημένα παρά βαριεστημένα. Σαν να χρειάζονταν κάτι πέραν του φαγητού. Τρεις κρίκοι σε μια σπασμένη αλυσίδα, σκέφτηκε. Άναψε ένα από τα τσιγάρα στο τασάκι και γύρισε προς το βιβλίο του. «Ζήσε και άφησε τους άλλους να ζήσουν»... Πρώτα έρχεται το «Ζήσε».

Έφερε στην σκέψη του την εμπειρία ενός δεκαεξάχρονου κρατουμένου σε άλλο στρατόπεδο συγκέντρωσης των ναζί, για την οποία είχε διαβάσει κάποτε σε άλλο βιβλίο. Ετούτη η ιστορία δεν είχε να κάνει με χρωματιστά τρίγωνα αλλά με καπέλα. Ήταν κανόνας του στρατοπέδου όπως όποιος εμφανιζόταν στην αναφορά χωρίς καπέλο, θα είχε να υποστεί τη θανατική ποινή. Τους εκτελούσαν με μια σφαίρα επί τόπου στο πίσω μέρος του κεφαλιού. Εν μέρει για οικονομία πυρομαχικών, σκέφτηκε με αποτροπιασμό ο Γανυμήδης και έπειτα χαμογέλασε. Ο δεκαεξάχρονος, ένα βράδυ έπεσε θύμα βιασμού από φύλακα Ες-Ες. Ο φύλακας του έκλεψε το καπέλο σκεπτόμενος πως δεν θα μαθευόταν αυτό που του έκανε αν πέθαινε ο μικρός στην αναφορά την επομένη. Ο μικρός όταν κατάλαβε πως του κλέψανε το καπέλο, με το που βρήκε την ευκαιρία έκλεψε άλλο καπέλο από έναν κοιμώμενο κρατούμενο. Ο ανυποψίαστος κρατούμενος εκτελέστηκε το επόμενο πρωί στην αναφορά. Ο μικρός έζησε.

«Ζήσε και άφησε τους άλλους να ζήσουν», συλλογίσθηκε ο Γανυμήδης. Η φράση του έφερε στον νου την ατάκα ενός νεαρού καθηγητή του στο πανεπιστήμιο. Χαμογελώντας είχε δηλώσει: «Η ελευθερία σου τελειώνει εκεί που αρχίζει η ελευθερία του άλλου». Η διπλανή του, την οποία είχε ακολουθήσει στο μάθημα, κοίταζε τον καθηγητή με δέος. Τα γαλάζια του μάτια ήταν σαν ακύμαντος ωκεανός κάτω από καλοκαιριάτικο ήλιο. Πόσο λάμπει η ματαιοδοξία, σκέφτηκε ο Γανυμήδης. Θα έπρεπε να τον είχα ρωτήσει τον μαλάκα, τι σημαίνει ελευθερία;

«Ελευθερία», σκέφτηκε. Από το «ελεύθω» που σημαίνει «έρχομαι» και το «ερώ» που σημαίνει «αγαπώ, ερωτεύομαι». Δηλαδή, «πηγαίνω εκεί που επιθυμώ»... Ακούστηκαν φωνές από το μεγάλο τραπέζι και γύρισε να δει τι γινόταν. Η σερβιτόρα έκοβε σαλάτα μπροστά από τον ηλικιωμένο άνδρα και τους συνδαιτημόνες του. Τον έστειλε πίσω με την σαλάτα και ζήτησε την σερβιτόρα! Ο ταβερνιάρης ικανοποίησε το αίτημα με σώμα ξένο. Ο ηλικιωμένος γελούσε χυδαία και της έλεγε να του χαμογελάσει. Αυτή σκυφτή χαμογέλασε. Θλιμμένο χαμόγελο, σκέφτηκε ο Γανυμήδης. Ψεύτικο χαμόγελο, άσχετο με αυτό που μου χάρισε λίγο νωρίτερα. Πόσο γρήγορα ένας κινείται από την περηφάνια στην ταπείνωση. Αν η εξουσία βρίσκεται στα χέρια του ηλικιωμένου, και

δίκαιο δεν έχει με το μέρος του, γιατί δεν του την αρπάζει από μες τα χέρια, ή τουλάχιστον να του την αρνηθεί; Ο ηλικιωμένος απαίτησε να του ξαναχαμογελάσει. Του χαμογέλασε ξανά. Ο Γανυμήδης αηδίασε. Έσφιξε την γροθιά του. Ήθελε να κάνει κάτι, να φωνάξει, να τους πλακώσει στο ξύλο, ταβερνιάρη και πελάτη. Όμως όλα έγιναν όπως αναμενόταν. Η σαλάτα κόπηκε, η στιγμή διάβηκε... Η σερβιτόρα πέρασε δίπλα από τον Γανυμήδη αποφεύγοντας το βλέμμα του για να μαζέψει τα πιάτα απ' το τραπέζι στο βάθος.

Ο Γανυμήδης κοίταξε τον ταβερνιάρη με οργή. Ήταν ψηλός, λιγνός γύρω στα εξήντα. Είχε μεγάλα χέρια με μακριά δάκτυλα. Το πρόσωπο του ήταν λεπτό, χλωμό και ρυτιδωμένο. Θυμήθηκε τον Αντισθένη: «καλύτερα να πέσεις σε κόρακες παρά σε κόλακες, διότι οι μεν τρώνε νεκρούς, οι δε ζωντανούς.» Ήδη ήξερε τι θα του απαντούσε αν τον ρωτούσε γιατί την έβαλε να κάνει τέτοιο πράγμα για τον γέρο. «Είναι ο πιο σημαντικός μου πελάτης. Πληρώνει πολύ καλά. Αφήνει μεγάλο φιλοδώρημα.» Ο καθένας έχει την τιμή του, σκέφτηκε. Καλύτερα ο γέρος, παρά ο ταβερνιάρης. Καλύτερα τύραννος παρά κόλακας. Ένας τύραννος δεν μπορεί να υπάρχει χωρίς τον κόλακα. Σιχαμερό ελάττωμα η κολακεία! Το μυαλό του Γανυμήδη πήγε στο ποτό. Ξαφνικά ένιωσε πως ζούσε μονάχα για να βρίσκει λόγους να καταστρέφεται. Αβάσταχτη δειλία! Μέμφομαι τους πάντες αντί τον ίδιο μου τον εαυτό, για την απροθυμία μου να παρέμβω ή μήπως την ανικανότητα μου; Στην καλύτερη περίπτωση είμαι ένας κόρακας χωρίς ράμφος στη χειρότερη, ένας κόλακας, χωρίς γλώσσα. Αισθάνθηκε απέραντο οίκτο για τον εαυτό του. Άναψε τσιγάρο.

Η σκέψη του τον επέστρεψε στα ναζιστικά στρατόπεδα συγκέντρωσης. Όταν οι Ναζί ήξεραν πλέον ότι ο πόλεμος ήταν χαμένος, και πως οι Αμερικανοί και οι άλλες δυτικές δυνάμεις προέλαυναν για να λυτρώσουν τους κρατούμενους, ετοίμασαν έγγραφα για να υπογραφούν οικειοθελώς από τα θύματα. Τα έγγραφα έλεγαν πως οι Ναζί ήταν καθώς έπρεπε στην μεταχείριση των κρατουμένων και πως δεν παραβίασαν κανόνες του δικαίου του πολέμου. Οι μόνοι κρατούμενοι που υπέγραψαν ήταν εκείνοι που δωροδοκούσαν από τους Ες-Ες με τσιγάρα. Τι πράγμα ο εθισμός! Να πουλάς την υπόληψη σου για μερικά τσιγάρα. Ο Γανυμήδης έσβησε το τσιγάρο με απέχθεια. Ακούστηκε το τηλέφωνο του μέσα από την τσάντα. Σηκώθηκε από το τραπέζι και κοίταξε να δει την σερβιτόρα. Δεν την είδε. Άρχισε να κατευθύνεται προς την έξοδο, έβγαλε το κινητό από την τσάντα και το απάντησε. «Χρόνια πολλά αγαπητέ μου!» «Σ' ευχαριστώ πολύ! Πώς ξέρεις ότι είναι τα γενέθλια μου;» «Είμαι γιατρός, όλα τα ξέρω! Πάμε για ποτό;» «Πάμε.» «Ξέρεις που» «Όχι που;». Ο γιατρός είχε ήδη τερματίσει το τηλεφώνημα. Θα τον πάρω πίσω όταν μπω στο αυτοκίνητο σκέφτηκε ο Γανυμήδης και τύλιξε ακόμη ένα τσιγάρο.



CAUSE CURVES
MAKE ME SMILE
SPERMAN

Interview with a psychopath

Why popular understanding of psychopathy is wrong and what we should do about it?

Andreas' pet bunny's name is Cheeto. She is a white, furry, dwarf bunny who has her own room in his house. When I arrived to interview him, Andreas was meticulously cleaning up her cage to put in fresh water and food. He does this three times a week.

Andreas has been battling with depression, bipolar disorder, and schizophrenia for most of his life. Three years ago, his doctor decided to send him for a brain scan. The results showed decreased activity in his frontal lobe, which is the part of the brain that part controls cognitive skills such as emotional expression, problem solving, judgment, and sexual behaviour. The scan literally showed a shadow over that part of his brain. In layman's terms, Andreas is what we would call a psychopath.

Psychopathy is a personality disorder characterised by impaired empathy and remorse, egotistical traits and by antisocial behaviour.

It is estimated that psychopaths make up about one percent of the general population and as much as 25 percent of male offenders in correctional settings.

Despite being a popular theme in movies, psychopathy is poorly understood. Currently, no psychiatric

or psychological organisation has sanctioned a diagnosis called "psychopathy." Assessments of psychopathic characteristics are mostly used in prisons and other criminal justice settings.

"It amazes me how little we still know about psychopathy," Andreas says. "They just scan your brain and if there is a shadow at some part of it they say that you are a psychopath. And that part is usually at the back of the brain!"

The way the public understands psychopathy has been almost 100% shaped by popular culture, says Dr. John Edens, a psychologist at Texas A&M University.

Hollywood portrays psychopaths as successful evil geniuses who charm their way into their victims' minds like Hannibal Lecter or Patrick Bateman in American Psycho.

"Real life psychopaths don't tend to be cannibals; they don't tend to be serial killers. Certainly, a lot of serial killers might be highly psychopathic, but it doesn't work the other way. The garden variety psychopath is not especially sensationalistic, but nobody wants to write a book or a script about a boring psychopath," Edens says.

According to American psychiatrist Hervey Chekley there are two types of psychopaths: a. people who show a lack of empathy, bold, disinhibited be-

haviour and general and b. criminal psychopaths which show a meaner, more aggressive behaviour and are likely to be involved in serious crimes.

The latter conceptualisation is typically used as the modern clinical concept.

However, this means that the people who fall into the first definition of psychopathy, are left with no official framework in which to place their life experiences and fall between the cracks of various other mental disorders.

Current conceptions of psychopathy have been criticised for being poorly conceptualised and encompassing a wide variety of underlying disorders. American psychiatrist Dorothy Otnow Lewis who did comprehensive psychiatric and neurological evaluations on people labelled as psychopaths in criminal justice systems, found that many offenders who were simply dismissed as psychopaths, showed a multitude of signs and symptoms indicative of mental issues such as bipolar disorder, OCD, depression, schizophrenia, partial seizures and brain damage/dysfunction.

"Psychopaths are not super-villains but when you meet a psychopath, the first thing you'll say won't be 'oh I want you to come work for me.' We have issues. And it's not just psychopathy. Usually it comes with other stuff like depression and mood swings," Andreas says.

Most real-life psychopaths tend to lead lonely, unstable, nomadic lives Edens says.

Andreas has been struggling to get a job, is not allowed to get a driver's licence, and was released from the army due to his condition. He feels he is an outcast.

As a teenager you would describe him as the type who got in trouble. At 15, he used to get drunk

every weekend, got into fights and was briefly involved in a gang. At twilight, they used to go armed with batons and knuckledusters to places where immigrants hanged out and beat them up. The causes of what leads people to develop severe psychopathic traits has not yet been identified, Dr. Dean Haycock, author and science writer says. However, there is a consensus between psychiatrists that it is a combination of both environmental and biological factors.

"People are born with a predisposition for mental illness and then if they are stressed during childhood, this causes biological effects such as stress hormones to influence their behaviour. But there are a few individuals that come from good homes and have siblings who never got in trouble that develop psychopathy. The speculation is that these people have stronger genes," Haycock explains.

Andreas remembers that he always sensed "a kind of darkness in his mind." When he was in kindergarten his teacher told his mother that he drew dead people and spoke a lot about corpses.

However, up until then, his life was stable. He was growing up with his parents in the US, where they were studying.

"The point of transition in my situation was when I moved from the US back to Cyprus, when I was 5," he says.

His parents remained in the US to study for their final year, while he stayed behind in Cyprus to live with his grandparents. After they got their degrees, his parents split up.

Andreas recalls spending an unusual amount of time with his grandparents and having a very distant relationship with his dad.

"My parents told me that I would make new friends in Cyprus but that didn't happen. I knew that it wasn't normal to grow up with grandma and grandpa. All the other kids had a mother and a father." Trying to trace how his childhood experiences caused his mental health issues, Andreas says that his parents and grandparents never respected him and were obsessed about his weight, something which was a major blow to his confidence. "They always put me on these very strict diets and humiliated me by taking me to dieticians all the time." On top of these, he was bullied at school.

"I was born with some loose screws and what followed later, just tossed them away. When I analyse it, I think that all this darkness came because of my lost childhood and teenage years, thanks to my parents' choices. I believed that they were criminals for what they did to me. They stole something from me. I wanted them to die, to disappear. The things I was drawing, I was imagining them happening to them."

In secondary school, Andreas developed an interest in serial-killers. He spent time watching their interviews and life stories on YouTube. He even went to study criminology for this reason.

"I found that I had some things in common with some serial-killers. We came from middle-class families, with a good financial and educational upbringing but our parents ignored us."

Andreas is 26 now, he never got in trouble again after high school. He says that the turning point was when he accepted his condition.

"You have to accept the problem for it to exist and in a way, it gets stronger after, because you know that it is true. But I think it was the right thing to do. I had the chance to research about my problem and found ways to fight it. If you study and learn

what psychopathy is, you stop seeing yourself as a side-show freak that can't sleep and tries to suicide in the toilet. Your life gets better.

"Being so obsessed with serial-killers helped me. I saw what I could have become. So now, I stop myself whenever I have aggressive thoughts. Until now I think about hurting people, killing an animal, or mugging someone just for the fun of it. But I never do it. I always shut down these thoughts and I think I do it well."

Psychopathy was first thought to be untreatable. However, in a landmark 2006 study of a treatment program at a juvenile detention centre for young offenders with severe psychopathic traits in Wisconsin, psychologist Michael Caldwell, reported that the youths that he treated were much more likely to stay out of trouble.

Moreover, recent experiments on prison populations discovered that criminal psychopaths had larger than average grey matter volumes in the pre-frontal cortex of their brains which is responsible for controlling sentiments such as empathy and guilt, and the amygdala, which mediates fear and anxiety. The mental impairments observed in psychopaths showed striking similarities with those seen in people with frontal lobe damage.

If we understand psychopaths as people suffering from a partly biologically determined condition, not just as criminals who lack empathy and morality, we can change how our societies and laws treat them.

In the UK, psychopaths who have committed crimes cannot claim the same kind of insanity defence as for example a person with schizophrenia would. At the core of the judicial system is the assumption that someone who appears sane is culpable for his actions.

A law commission on Insanity and Automatism in 2013 stated that:

"Psychopathy does not have the effect that the person's reasons for acting as he did are in any way "abnormal" or "crazy" or "disordered". Rather, psychopathic personality disorder has the effect that because of the psychological makeup of the accused he has difficulties, not shared by the ordinary person, in complying with the requirements of the law. But such difficulties do not remove the person in question completely from responsibility for his actions. He appreciates what he is doing." In the US, because psychopathy is recognised as a partially biologically determined condition, it usually gives incentive to judges to put people on death row, as it is seen that they are beyond rehabilitation.

"We don't study psychopathic people the way we should study them," Dr. Haycock says. "People are more interested in punishing and locking people away. We don't put enough money or effort in helping people when they are young. Instead of arguing whether psychopathic people are really responsible for their actions, we should think about how responsible we are, for our young people."

If psychopathy is determined to a point by biology, maybe we will never be able to make psychopathic people more empathetic. Maybe we will never be able to change the fact that they are pre-disposed to behaviour that is damaging to themselves and others.

However, psychopaths will always be born. One in a hundred of us. Instead of locking them up and using their condition to put them on death row, the best thing we can do is to focus on how to help them exist in society with the rest of us.

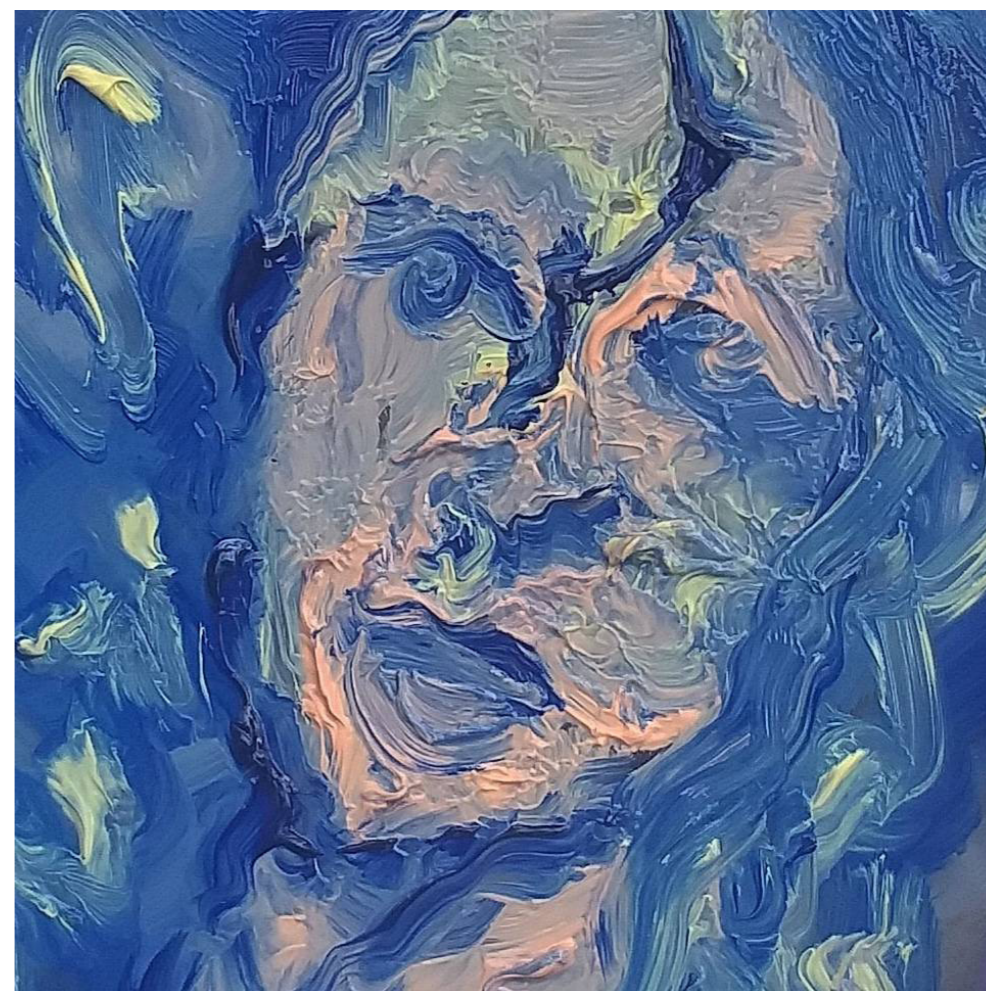
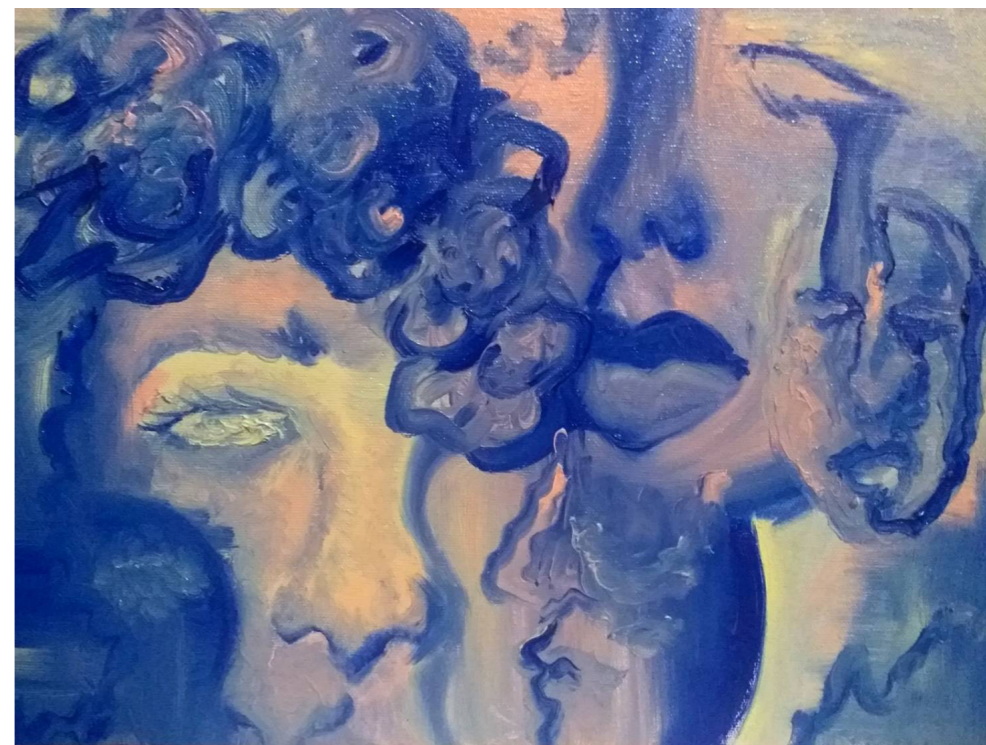
Andreas has now contained the aggressive thoughts of his childhood and teenage years; however, he hasn't gotten the grips of his bipolar disorder. He feels suicidal every morning. He recently applied for a job at a bar, but he didn't get it.

"Nobody is going to get sensitive about us anytime soon. People don't know enough, and they have more important things to care about. Crazy people will continue to be outcasts for hundreds of years. I don't care about much anymore but one thing I want is for children who have this problem like me to get help."

By Stelios Marathovouniotis



LOVE ME FOR LIFE
SOREDUMPLING



QUARANTINE BLUES
SOREDUMPLING





The illustration is inspired by the folk tales of Akritas.

The scene is specifically of his death where Akritas was so strong that even Death himself was afraid of him.

I took some liberties with the interpretation and had fun with the idea that Digenis Akritas is sometimes a giant, and that when he died he definitely went to heaven.

For more quality illustrations by the artist explore the website: www.mullet-man.com

MULLETMAN

Why the river?

Shannon sat in her tattered recliner chair and scowled at the cheesy infomercials on the television. It'd been exactly four years since the Mississippi River took her son Gus away.

Gus was a freshman at the state university where he became a victim of toxic substances, barbaric rituals, and a desperate will to fit in.

Shannon's fight for justice fell into the cracks of despair until her cries went completely unheard. She cursed the Kappa Sigma fraternity for continuing to exist. She cursed the university for its disgusting negligence and its audacity to ask people for money. And she cursed the river for carrying on as if nothing had happened.

When the clock hit 2:00 AM, Shannon decided to take her pickup truck for a drive to the university campus. Her passengers were a bucket of black paint, a dirt-covered brick, and a ladder.

As Shannon slowly pulled up to the fraternity house where Gus began his final night on earth, her heart sank and her blood boiled simultaneously. But she wasn't going to turn back.

She grabbed the bucket of paint, quietly closed the truck door, and fetched the ladder from the back. She ran toward the house and hoisted the ladder against the front of the balcony. She took the paint and drenched the Kappa Sigma symbol in black.

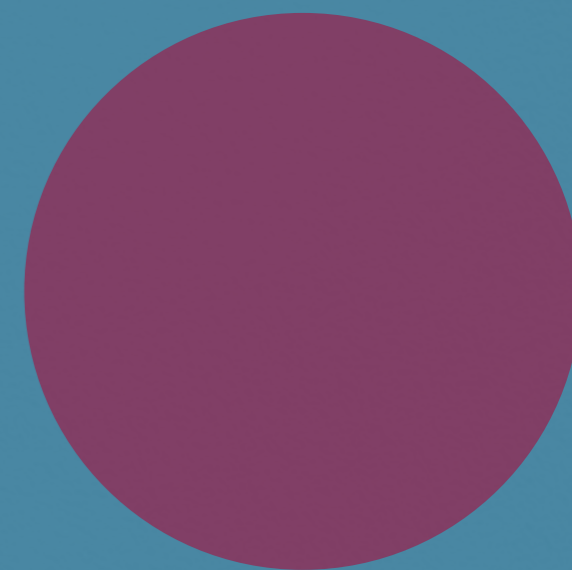
Then she wrote "Leave before it's too late" boldly across the house's siding.

Her next visit was to the Dean's office. She pulled up outside, attached a note to the brick that said "I'm gonna haunt you until your world knows no happiness" and tossed it into the office window. The glass shattered like Shannon's life when she first heard the news about her son, and she sped off with an ear-piercing screech.

After picking a shard of glass out of her boot, Shannon parked the truck under a shadow and walked across the road toward the river's edge. The street lights flickered as if they had a secret to tell. She always wondered if Gus was alone when he wandered off. She wondered why he decided to walk toward the river, or if he even decided at all. She wondered if he slipped and stumbled into the river, or if he was just trying to soak his pain into oblivion.

Shannon looked out at the river. The moon reflected upon its rolling ripples. She tossed the paint bucket into the water, along with any notion of a shred of remorse for what she'd just done. She closed her eyes as the early morning breeze whipped around and the cold water splashed onto her weathered face. And for the first time since Gus' death, a tiny sliver of her soul felt alive.

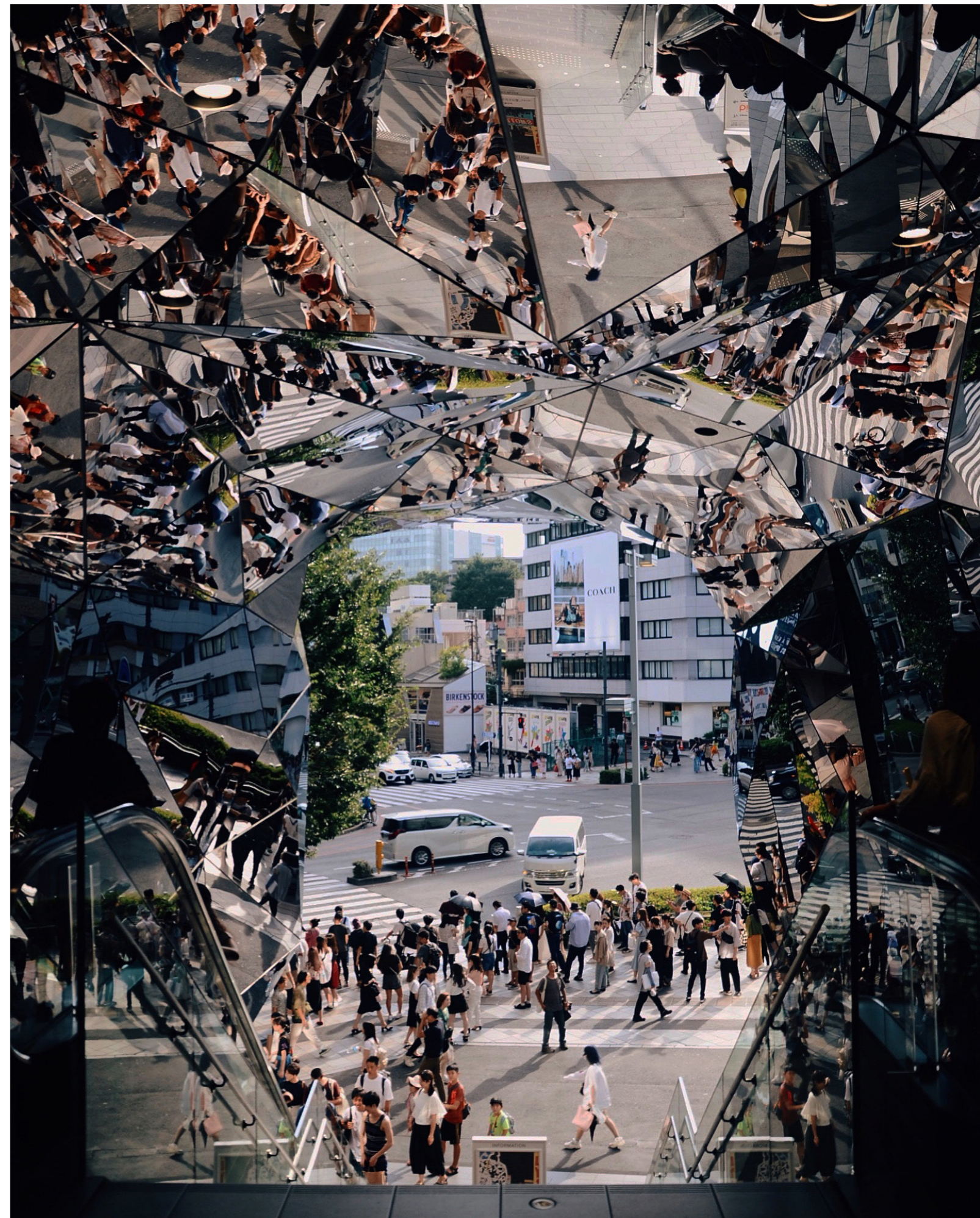
**By Zach
Murphy**





A JOURNEY
TO JAPAN
MAGICAL REALITIES







HOT DRY NOODLES

STEP 1



SALT



WHITE PEPPER



SESAME SAUCE

(IF YOU DON'T HAVE IT YOU COULD MIX PEANUT BUTTER WITH A BIT SALT & WATER)

VINEGAR

SALAD ONION



SOY SAUCE

(MIX OF DARK SOY SAUCE & LIGHT SOY SAUCE)

SESAME OIL



CHILI FLAKE

SOME CHINESE SNACKS WHICH ARE SPICY & SAVOURY BUT

HOT DRY NOODLES

STEP 2

STIR~STIR~STIR~STIR

Yummy



OF COURSE YOU NEED TO BOIL THE NOODLES FIRST.
 HERE I USE EGG NOODLES AND BOIL FOR AROUND 8 MINS.
 THEN TAKE THE NOODLES OUT AND PUT INGREDIENTS
 FROM STEP 1 ON TOP OF THE NOODLES
 THEN STIR

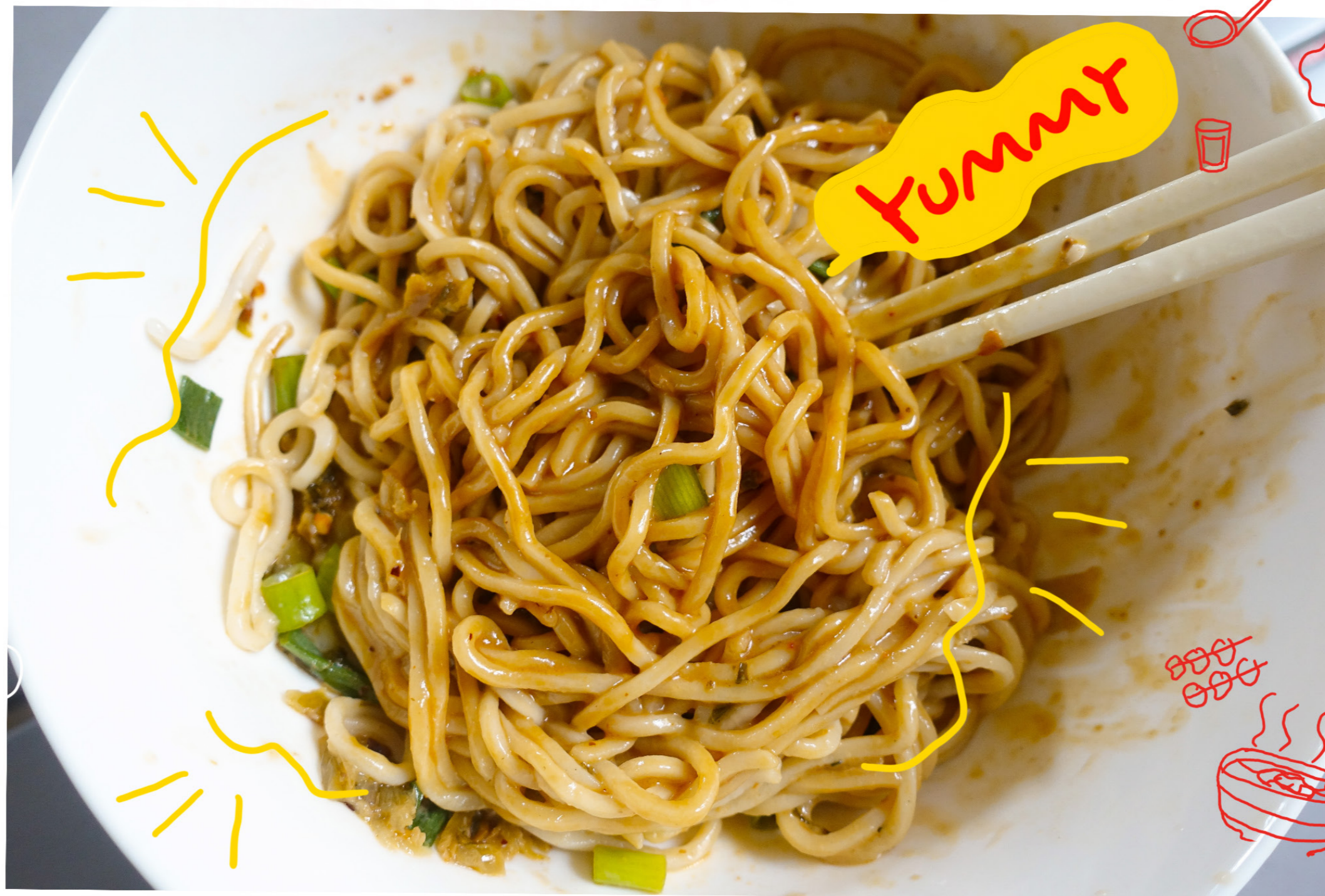


THEN STIR

HOT DRY NOODLES

EAT~EAT~EAT~EAT

STEP 3



EAT!!!

The Art of Block Printing – The Block Maker

One of the oldest forms of printing patterns on textiles, block printing is said to have originated in China. The process involves stamping fabric with colour-dipped hand carved wooden blocks. Today, this art of printing on fabric is practiced in many parts of India, particularly in Andhra Pradesh, Gujarat, Madhya Pradesh and Rajasthan.

Block printing is a long drawn process that engages several artisans and members of the local community at every step of the production process. One of the very first in this chain is the block maker.

The blocks are traditionally made from teak wood and the block makers carve the designs and patterns using chisels and hammers onto these pieces of wood. These elaborate blocks are then used by block printers to print the designs on fabrics.

Tucked into the by-lanes of the old city of Jaipur in Rajasthan, is the house and workshop of the master block maker Abdul Kud-dus. An award winning artist, Abdul Kuddus is a 7th generation block maker. His compact but airy workspace is shared with his son Abdul Kayyum who, like his father, learnt the art of hand carving patterns into teak wood blocks at young age.

Just like this father/son duo, the art of block printing is kept alive by countless artisans working tirelessly to maintain the traditions passed along the ages. At the same time, in an industry that has become highly mechanised, this art sustains their local communities.

By Indikōn



Block printing



Master block maker Abdul Kuddus



Block maker Abdul Kayyum

Island Tales and other Fables: Alternative Stories from the History of Cyprus

By Saléb Maz*

*Greetings from the author:

Dear reader, this (very) short story was imagined purely for your entertainment and is loosely based on the author's recollection of the main facts of historical (and/or folkloric) events from the history and culture of Cyprus. There has been no attempt to accurately depict any event that has ever occurred on the island (or elsewhere). Constructive criticism relating to the literary aspects of the story is of course welcome, via the editor. Enjoy!

Two

'You're late.'

Caterina studied the young man as he approached her. He looked rather pale, almost grey, though that did not surprise her after his long voyage at sea. He was no Romeo, that was for sure. His long, bony face made him seem much older than he must have been, and his skinny legs looked like two sugar canes wrapped in white stockings. There used to be a time when they sent her the finest lads of Venice. Perhaps they had run out.

'I beg your pardon, Ma'am,' he replied. He bowed his head and accepted her hand when she offered it, kissing the big emerald ring on her index finger. He had that cocky Venetian charm about him, like most men of the Republic. 'We got lost at sea, did you know there is another city called Nicosia in Sicily?'

'M'yes,' Caterina said, unimpressed. She offered him a seat and eased herself into her throne, ignoring the creaking sound the wood made under her weight. 'Can I offer you some cake?'

They sat silently while they were served, first the mint tea picked fresh from the palace garden, followed by a refreshing slice of semolina cake, dripping in lemon infused syrup, one of her favourites. She watched him carefully as he tasted it. Some syrup trickled down his chin into his orange beard and he hid behind his palm while he licked himself clean. She liked him. Caterina prided herself on possessing the talent to guess one's good nature from the way they enjoyed food, it was a test that had never failed her. She decided to be agreeable with him, though surely he had not brought her any good tidings. The Doge's men never did.

'So tell me, what news do you bring from the continent?'

'Same old, really. A few wars going on, but our thalassocracy holds strong. We're expanding in Dalmatia and Lombardy. Oh and the slave trade is booming, of course. Venice itself is thriving, really becoming a tourist hot spot. We just had the carnival, masquerades and all that. It's a shame you missed it, but there will surely be something going on when you arrive. I highly recommend the annual Glass Week over in Murano.'

'Has the big man finally come around to invite me over for a visit then? What an honour,' she said, full of sarcasm. She had not been on speaking terms with the Doge for a while, at least not since his last visit to her island kingdom. 'I hope he hasn't had another one of his brilliant ideas to find me another husband. Do tell me you're not here for that old nonsense.'

'Oh,' the man said, scratching the back of his neck nervously. 'You don't know.'

He stirred in his chair awkwardly for a moment, then remembered what it was that he needed to do and went diving into his leather satchel. A moment later he presented her with a small scroll, fastened with the seal of the winged lion. The message came straight from the Doge. Caterina sighed, convinced already that she would read nothing she would particularly enjoy. It was either the usual proposal for another suit- or from the lower tiers of the so-called nobility or the odd request for men to be sacrificed in another one of the Doge's aqua-conquests. There was that one time when she had even received an erotic limerick with some awkwardly explicit lyrics, only to be told that the whole thing was one giant, embarrassing mix-up, but she did not expect the Doge to mistake her for his mistress twice. She snatched the scroll from her guest, broke the seal and started to read the short message.

Your Majesty, dearest Caterina,

We regret to inform you that following an administrative reorganisation of the Republic, the position of queen of Cyprus has been abolished due to budgetary cuts.

As a result, your post has lamentably become redundant and the territories under your dominion are absorbed into the Republic, with immediate effect.

You are hereby recalled to Venice where you will be reassigned, with full retention of titles, benefits and pensions.

Yours truly, the Doge

Caterina decided against reading the message twice. Once had been enough. She rolled up the parchment and placed it on the silver tray, on top of a pool of syrup that was dripping down from the semolina cake. She looked at her guest, who was busy staring at the blue porcelain tea cup he was clasping nervously with both hands. She imagined the tantrum she could throw, getting up, flipping the tray over, throwing tea in his face, but decided against it. Besides the quick fix of momentary satisfaction she might get from her act of rebellion, there was no reason to waste her energy on things beyond her control. Her reign might have just ended in the most unspectacular way, but she would not give them the satisfaction of kicking up a fuss.

'More tea?' she asked him, bidding her servant forward to refill their cups. The Doge's man looked up at her suspiciously, almost as if he were disappointed at her insipid reaction. Caterina could not help but enjoy watching him sit there and drink the tepid tea so uneasily, wondering how she could remain calm after reading the Doge's message. That was revenge enough, she thought.

In the quiet of the room, it dawned on her almost too suddenly that something weighed heavy on her head. When she removed her crown, she was content to feel just a little bit lighter. She held the shiny thing up in the light, observing its every detail. It had never occurred to her to do so before, but it did not surprise her. She often ignored things she took for granted. It was a beautifully simple thing, with the small symbol of the burgundy lion on the front, which had almost completely faded against the gold surface. There were a few scratches on one side and a dent in the back, probably from the time she had flung it off the balcony back when she was a more hot headed queen. She lifted herself up from her throne and handed the crown over to her guest, without thinking twice.

'It's yours,' Caterina said to him. 'I no longer have any use for it.'

★

The owl that lived in the tall pine tree of her garden cuckooed its usual, dreary song, breaking the silence. In the beginning, many years ago, its dull hoots would drive her mad, but as time passed Caterina had grown used to it. She would even dare to admit that she might even enjoy it. On this final morning, it sounded like nothing but a beautiful serenade, just like the ones from the operas written in her honour. She realised that it could not be the same owl whose morning calls had welcomed her to this place all those years ago, but she found it poetic enough to imagine it so. Everything was coming full circle, it was time to go.

Caterina held her porcelain cup close to her nose and took a deep breath. The spicy mountain tea tickled her senses. Hortensa copied her clumsily, managing to spill some of it on her lap. 'Oh!' She exclaimed dramatically, placing the cup back in its saucer and frantically wiping herself and the chair clean. Caterina wanted to scold her as she usually did, but when their eyes met, they both laughed instead.

'It must be happy with all the rain,' said Hortensa when the owl cuckooed once more. 'Did you know that owls like to take baths when it rains? Not when there are storms of course, they probably don't like that.'

Caterina chuckled, remembering the first time she had invited Hortensa for tea under the shade of the trees in her garden, a long long time ago. They were fair maidens back then, when she had just been brought to the island, a young queen in need of a companion and tutor in local customs and the island life. She had told her some dumb story about birds back then as well. Much had changed since then, except for Hortensa's obsession with birds. She had been the one constant in her life, accompanying her through tragedy or joy, but most importantly, the mundane reality of ruling an island where nothing ever

really happened. Besides fate putting them on crossing paths, there was no other reason for their friendship. She was a terrible listener, completely useless at giving advice and mostly interested in food. And Caterina could not imagine a world without her.

‘I had to take the tall bridge coming over, the river flooded again,’ Hortensa said importantly, as she joined her in the small garden. She loved making small talk, particularly anything weather related. ‘No wonder, it’s been pouring it down all week long. It was much needed if you ask me, it hasn’t rained all summer.’

‘I think the September rains have always been my favourite time of year,’ Caterina said, hating the melancholic tone in her voice. They had made it their habit to sit together in that same spot when it rained following a long dry spell, surrounded by the fresh smell of wet dirt and surrounded by the moist greenness of the garden. How it distraught her that this would be the very last time.

‘We should have an excellent citrus season next year,’ Hortensa said, completely missing her hint. She had never been good at sensing moods. ‘I suspect I’ll be quite busy making jams and chutneys all of next spring.’

‘I shall be expecting to receive a generous batch then,’ Caterina said. ‘I don’t suppose they have much of that where I’m going.’

‘So you’re really leaving then?’

‘Indeed, the big day has finally arrived. We leave for Famagusta this afternoon and set sail first thing tomorrow morning.’

‘It only seems like yesterday when you first got here,’ Hortensa replied. ‘Like a dream, these years have gone by.’

‘How right you are,’ Caterina said, satisfied finally to hear her say something sentimental. ‘Fifteen years I have been queen of this place. In a way, I’m shocked they did not take it away from me sooner.’

‘Well, that is still a more decent reign than most, I would think.’

‘I suppose you are right,’ replied Caterina. ‘The Bastard didn’t last a decade before he dropped dead. Of his own accord, mind you. People will believe anything they hear, as long as it’s juicy enough. Poor bastard.’

‘I do wish you’d take more care of how you speak of your dead husband.’

‘Don’t mind, that’s what everyone called him. Well, not officially of course, he had a number like everyone else. But to those who loved or hated him profoundly, he was James the Bastard. Or Jacques le Bâtard, if you’re feeling fancy. He made me call him that in bed. It gave him a real kick too, poor bastard.’

‘Oh my,’ said Horrtensa, pretending to be scandalised. ‘How very strange.’

‘Indeed, such a peculiar fellow he was. The people in Venice never liked him, everyone found him quite eccentric. He had the strangest hobbies and a habit of killing all of his allies. You don’t even want to know what he did to those poor mamalukes. He never even attended our wedding you know, imagine that! Sent some chap to stand in for him. He was handsome enough, so I went with it. Not that I had much choice, of course. We only met for the first time four years later, when the Bastard decided to ship me over here. But he loved me in the end. Named me regent upon his death, and when our dear little Jacques followed him shortly after, there I was all alone with a whole island on my hands.’

‘That is a curious tale,’ Hortensa said. ‘How is it that you never told me before?’

‘Oh, I don’t know. It’s always easier to gossip about other people’s drama, not your own. I should have taken a page out of the Bastard’s book, if you ask me, and sent those Venetians running. But alas, it was not meant to be. This island has always been part of the empire du jour, and so the Venetians must finally have it. But it’s nothing but a prized possession in their naval empire, you see. They will never fully appreciate the beauty of this place, not like I did.’

Hortensa patted her kindly on the lap and reached for the large serving plate laid out before them. ‘I wonder what delicious continental pastries they will serve you there. Asolo is it you said? It must be wonderfully gourmet,’ she said, while serving them both a generous piece of bitter orange pie. Caterina smiled, accepting the plate. Her capacity to lose interest in conversation when surrounded by food was one of the things she loved most about her.

‘Yes, Asolo. The town of one hundred horizons, apparently. They showed me an oil painting, it looks very quaint,’ Caterina said, matter of factly. ‘It’s on a very nice hill, surrounded by walls. And it’s all mine and mine alone,’ she boasted. ‘A beautiful retirement village for a retired queen.’

‘Isn’t that lovely,’ Hortensa said, her mouth full of pie. ‘It’s about time I also see to my own retirement. We’re lucky I guess, to have outlived our husbands. I’ll be turning thirty six next spring.’

‘Perhaps you should join me on the continent,’ said Caterina, almost too eagerly. ‘I wouldn’t mind really, and it’s you I’m thinking of. It might get awfully lonely to have no one around.’

‘Wouldn’t that be an idea,’ Hortensa replied in her usual chirpy tone. ‘But I’m not a woman of the world

like you. I’ve always pictured a quiet relocation to the countryside for my retirement. A nice cottage somewhere hilly, that’s all I need. With a big pen for my birds, maybe a pigeon coop too.’

‘In another life, then,’ Caterina said, failing to hide her disappointment. Perhaps in another life she would have never had to leave, she thought. In some parallel reality, maybe she would have never even set her foot on the island at all.

★

‘Make way for her Majesty, Regina Caterina Cornaro! Queen of Cyprus, Jerusalem and Armenia! All hail the new mistress of Asolo!’

‘Oh yes,’ whispered Caterina to an ancient looking woman dressed completely in black standing at her side. ‘I keep forgetting about the Jerusalem and Armenia part. Fancy being queen of a place you’ve never set foot on, eh?’ The old woman stared at her in silence for a moment and then bowed, before turning around to leave without saying a thing. Venetians, Caterina thought. Taking everything way too seriously.

It had been a short walk, thankfully mostly downhill, to reach the main piazza. The master of ceremonies insisted that a victory procession around town to introduce her to her new subjects was an absolute must. ‘A spectacular entrance fitting for a queen,’ had been his exact words. She would be lying if she said she had not enjoyed it. Asolo was a welcoming enough place, though she imagined its smiling residents had not been given much say.

The tall man that had accompanied her during the procession brought her to sit under a colourful marquee, with the lion banners of the House of Lusignan flying on each side, in her honour. ‘We’ve prepared a surprise for you,’ he said, before a dozen children assembled in front of her and prepared to sing.

Hear ye, hear ye, young and old,
Today marks a most important day to behold,
For on this morn’, upon this hill,
The town of Asolo is full of thrill!

It’s true, come quick, and gather round,
To witness a woman bearing a triple crown,
Our gates have opened wide to welcome her,
A true Venetian regent, we do prefer.

From the corner of the empire she returns to us,

A true honour the Doge has bestowed on us,
To welcome her proudly into our town,
The lion banners to fly atop her new home.

In this place we invite her to settle and grow old,
Amongst these Venetian hills to make her abode,
Surrounded by friends and full of glee,
Regina Cornaro, forever she’ll be.

The choir finished their song and bowed, before scattering into the four corners of the piazza to find something better to do. Caterina forced herself to smile and wave as they departed, reminding herself that the whole fanfare was thrown for her own benefit to begin with. ‘Truly marvelous talent you have in Asolo,’ Caterina said to the master of ceremonies, relieved that it was exactly what the man wanted to hear.

‘We do hope you enjoyed it,’ he said. ‘M’yes,’ Caterina lied. ‘I suspect that years into the future people will visit this wondrous place to celebrate the anniversary of my arrival. You should market that, it would do wonders for your tourism.’

‘What a wonderful idea,’ he replied excitedly. ‘Tell me, would you also fancy sitting for a portrait? We’ve got a wonderful lad coming down from Venice, Bellini I believe he’s called. Something to go up in our hall of fame perhaps?’

‘Well, if you insist,’ Caterina said, pretending not to be flattered. ‘I never indulge in vanity unless someone begs me to.’

★

Caterina studied suspiciously the woman staring back at her from the painting on the wall. Her youthful look may have faded years ago, but she was still charming and elegant, her plump, round figure taking up most of the canvas. She was the perfect image of health, too, with her pale skin gleaming against the dark background of the painting. The hefty bosom on which the long silver necklace rested was also uncanny, as were the full shaped, rosy cheeks that told a tale of a woman of nobility and wealth. The very image of the powerful, modern Venitian woman. But there was still something that bothered her.

‘Well, it’s something,’ she said to the artist, feeling compelled to speak after a prolonged silence. He did not seem to take offence. If anything, her reaction had amused him.

‘What is it that concerns you with her?’ Gentile Bellini eventually asked. She thought to deny it at first, to tell him that he had done an excellent job, thank him politely and walk away. But something about him made her comfortable enough to be honest.

‘She’s just so grim looking, that’s all,’ Caterina said, feeling relieved to admit it. ‘She looks so sad and lonely.’

‘I want you to try something,’ he told her. ‘Close your eyes and take a deep breath.’

‘Fine, but no funny business,’ she replied, obeying his soothing instructions.

‘You are far away from this land. Far away from this time. Somewhere in the distant future, in a place you don’t know, some people walk into the room. They see the portrait of Caterina Cornaro on the wall. There might be two versions of her that they can see. You alone have the power to decide who they may see on the canvass.’

‘A woman forgotten in history,’ she said bittlerly. ‘A woman who has lost everything. A woman betrayed and alone.’

‘Or, they can see a resilient woman,’ he replied. ‘Whose name will never be forgotten. A woman who has been a wife, a mother and monarch. A woman who has lost nothing, but has simply survived what life has thrown her. A regent. The last queen of Cyprus.’

Caterina opened her eyes. As if by magic, the portrait had begun to appear rather pleasing. She imagined that others would attempt to immortalise her in paintings in the future, long after she was gone. But somehow she knew that no other portrait would capture her spirit as genuinely as the one before her eyes.

‘Maybe they will see both women,’ she said, finally content. ‘Because they are one and the same. And there’s nothing wrong with that.’

The end



**THE WINDOW
OF WISDOM
MR KOK**

Ο ΚΑΟΥΜΠΟΙ ΤΗΣ ΑΡΧΑΙΟΤΗΤΑΣ



ΤΕΥΧΟΣ
1

ΠΑΠΑΠΑΥΛΟΥ
ΝΕΟΦΥΤΟΥ

ΣΥΓΓΡΑΦΕΑΣ

ΣΧΕΔΙΑΣΤΗΣ

ΑΔΩΝΗΣ ΠΑΠΑΠΑΥΛΟΥ

ΗΛΙΑΣ ΝΕΟΦΥΤΟΥ

ΣΑΣ ΠΑΡΟΥΣΙΑΖΟΥΜΕ:

Ο ΚΑΟΥΜΠΟΙ ΤΗΣ ΑΡΧΑΙΟΤΗΤΑΣ

1^Ο ΜΕΡΟΣ



ΑΦΗΓΗΤΗΣ:
ΕΛΛΑΔΑ 1941!
ΠΕΡΙΟΔΟ ΓΕΡΜΑΝΙΚΗΣ
ΚΑΤΟΧΗΣ!



ΟΛΟΚΛΗΡΗ Η ΕΛΛΑΔΑ
ΜΑΣΤΙΖΕΤΕ ΑΠΟ ΤΙΣ
ΔΥΝΑΜΕΙΣ ΤΟΥ ΑΞΟΝΑ!



ΚΕΝΤΡΙΚΑ ΓΡΑΦΕΙΑ
ΤΗΣ ΛΟΥΦΤΒΑΦΕ!



ΕΝΑΣ ΕΠΙΣΤΗΜΟΝΑΣ
ΕΙΣΕΡΧΕΤΑΙ ΜΕ ΓΟΡΓΟ
ΒΗΜΑ!



...ΕΙΜΑΣΤΕ ΕΤΟΙΜΟΙ
ΝΑ ΔΟΚΙΜΑΣΟΥΜΕ ΤΟ ΝΕΟ ΜΑΣ
ΜΥΣΤΙΚΟ ΟΠΛΟ!



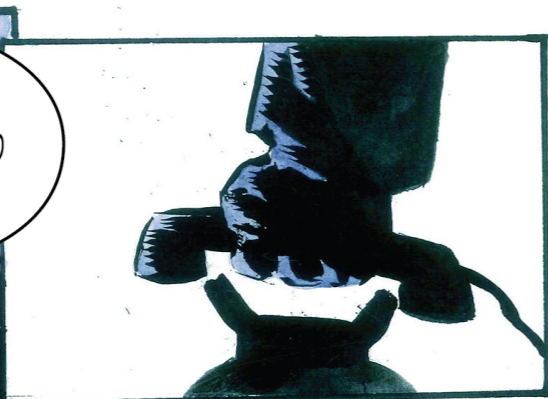
ΚΥΡΙΕ
ΚΥΒΕΡΝΗΤΑ...



ΩΡΑΙΑ!



ΚΑΡΕΝ,
ΠΑΡΕ ΤΟ ΣΟΦΕΡ ΚΑΙ ΠΙΣ ΤΟΥ
ΝΑ ΕΤΟΙΜΑΣΕΙ ΤΟ ΑΥΤΟΚΙΝΗΤΟ
ΓΙΑ ΝΑ ΠΑΜΕ ΣΤΑ
ΠΡΟΑΣΤΙΑ!



ΕΛΑΤΕ ΜΑΖΙ ΜΟΥ
ΚΥΡΙΕ ΓΙΟΧΑΝ ΚΑΙ ΕΞΗΓΗΣΤΕ ΜΟΥ
ΤΟ ΣΧΕΔΙΟ ΓΙΑ ΤΙΣ ΔΟΚΙΜΕΣ!

ΜΑΛΙΣΤΑ ΚΥΡΙΕ!



ΩΡΑΙΑ!
ΑΠΟΦΑΣΙΣΑΜΕ
ΠΟΙΟΣ;



ΜΑΛΙΣΤΑ ΚΥΡΙΕ!
ΤΟ ΟΝΟΜΑ ΤΟΥ ΕΙΝΑΙ ΚΑΛΙΣΘΕΝΗΣ!
ΥΠΗΡΞΕ ΛΟΧΑΓΟΣ ΤΗΣ 35ΗΣ ΜΟΙΡΑΣ Η ΟΠΟΙΑ
ΜΑΣ ΕΚΑΝΕ ΤΗ ΖΩΗ ΔΥΣΚΟΛΗ
ΣΤΑ ΣΥΝΟΡΑ ΜΕ ΤΗ ΒΟΥΛΓΑΡΙΑ!
ΤΟΝ ΕΠΙΛΕΞΑΜΕ ΑΥΤΟΝ ΔΙΟΤΙ ΑΝ
ΚΑΤΑ... ΛΑΘΟΣ ΑΠΟΤΥΧΕΙ ΤΟ ΠΕΙΡΑΜΑ ΤΟΤΕ
ΘΑ ΠΕΘΑΝΕΙ ΑΚΟΜΑ ΕΝΑΣ ΑΞΙΩΜΑΤΙΚΟΣ
ΤΗΣ ΑΝΤΙΣΤΑΣΗΣ!



ΟΠΩΣ ΞΕΡΕΤΕ
Η ΙΔΕΑ ΤΟΥ ΠΡΟΦΕΣΟΡΑ ΧΑΝΣ
ΓΙΑ ΤΗΛΕΜΕΤΑΦΟΡΑ ΥΛΗΣ
ΕΙΝΑΙ ΕΞΩΦΡΕΝΙΚΗ!

ΟΜΩΣ ΧΑΡΗ ΣΤΗ ΒΟΗΘΕΙΑ ΜΟΥ
ΚΑΙ ΜΙΑΣ ΟΜΑΔΑΣ ΕΠΙΣΤΗΜΟΝΩΝ,
ΠΙΣΤΕΥΟΥΜΕ ΟΤΙ ΕΙΝΑΙ
ΕΦΙΚΤΗ!

GEWEHR 98*

ΑΡΧΙΚΑ ΔΟΚΙΜΑΣΑΜΕ
ΝΑ ΣΤΕΙΛΟΥΜΕ ΕΝΑ GEWEHR 98*
ΣΤΟ ΤΟΠΟ ΠΟΥ ΖΗΤΟΥΣΑΜΕ,
ΟΜΩΣ ΤΟ ΠΕΙΡΑΜΑ ΑΠΕΤΥΧΕ!

ΚΑΝΑΜΕ ΜΕΡΙΚΕΣ
ΤΡΟΠΟΠΟΙΗΣΕΙΣ ΣΤΗ ΜΗΧΑΝΗ
ΚΑΙ ΕΙΜΑΣΤΕ ΕΤΟΙΜΟΙ ΝΑ ΤΟ
ΞΑΝΑΔΟΚΙΜΑΣΟΥΜΕ
ΜΕ ΠΕΙΡΑΜΑΤΟΖΩΟ!



ΑΝΥΠΟΜΟΝΩ ΝΑ ΔΩ
ΤΗ ΜΗΧΑΝΗ ΣΑΣ ΚΥΡΙΕ ΓΙΟΧΑΝ!
ΠΟΥ ΒΡΙΣΚΕΤΕ ΤΟ ΕΡΓΑΣΤΗΡΙΟ ΣΑΣ;
ΘΥΜΑΜΑΙ ΧΡΕΙΑΣΤΗΚΕ ΝΑ ΤΟ
ΜΕΤΑΚΙΝΗΣΕΤΕ ΠΡΟΣ ΟΦΕΛΟΣ
ΑΥΤΗΣ ΤΗΣ ΕΡΓΑΣΙΑΣ!



ΝΑΙ, ΕΠΙΡΕΠΕ ΝΑ ΜΕΤΑΦΕΡΘΟΥΜΕ
ΣΕ ΕΝΑ ΤΟΠΟ ΑΠΟΜΕΡΟ ΠΟΥ ΚΑΝΕΝΑΣ
ΛΟΓΙΚΟΣ ΑΝΘΡΩΠΟΣ ΔΕ ΘΑ ΚΑΤΟΙΚΟΥΣΕ,
ΕΤΣΙ ΜΕΤΑΚΙΝΗΘΗΚΑΜΕ ΣΤΟ ΦΑΛΗΡΟ!



ΑΣ ΑΦΗΣΟΥΜΕ ΑΥΤΟΥΣ ΤΟΥ ΔΥΟ ΚΥΡΙΟΥΣ ΝΑ ΣΥΝΕΧΙΣΟΥΝ
ΤΗ ΔΙΑΔΡΟΜΗ ΤΟΥΣ ΚΑΙ ΑΣ ΠΑΜΕ ΝΑ ΓΝΩΡΙΣΟΥΜΕ ΤΟ ΘΥΜΑ
ΤΗΣ ΠΕΡΙΣΤΑΣΗΣ! ΣΤΙΣ ΦΥΛΑΚΕΣ Η ΚΑΤΑΣΤΑΣΗ ΗΤΑΝ ΤΡΑΓΙΚΗ!
ΟΣΟΙ ΠΡΟΣΠΑΘΗΣΑΝ ΝΑ ΑΝΤΙΤΑΧΘΟΥΝ ΣΤΟΝ ΚΑΤΑΚΤΗΤΗ,
ΒΡΕΘΗΚΑΝ ΕΚΕΙ ΓΙΑ ΙΣΟΒΙΑ ΚΑΘΕΙΡΕΝ ΚΑΙ ΔΕΝ ΝΟΜΙΖΩ ΝΑ
ΧΡΕΙΑΖΕΤΑΙ ΝΑ ΠΩ ΠΕΡΙΣΣΟΤΕΡΑ ΓΙΑ ΤΑ ΣΤΡΑΤΟΠΕΔΑ
ΙΣΥΓΚΕΝΤΡΩΣΗΣ ΤΩΝ ΝΑΖΙ



Ε ΚΑΛΙΣΘΕΝΗ, ΕΞΗΓΑ ΜΟΥ
ΞΑΝΑ ΓΙΑΤΙ ΕΝΤΑΧΘΗΚΕΣ ΑΠΟ ΤΗΝ
ΚΥΠΡΟ ΓΙΑ ΝΑ ΕΡΘΕΙΣ Σ' ΑΥΤΟ
ΤΟ ΣΚΑΤΟΜΕΡΟΣ!



ΓΙΑΤΙ Ο ΧΙΤΛΕΡ ΕΙΝΑΙ
ΕΝΑ ΑΡΡΩΣΤΗΜΕΝΟ ΑΤΟΜΟ ΠΟΥ
ΤΟ ΜΟΝΟ ΠΟΥ ΘΕΛΕΙ ΕΙΝΑΙ ΝΑ ΑΦΑΝΙΣΕΙ
Ο,ΤΙ ΚΑΛΟ ΚΑΙ ΑΓΝΟ ΥΠΑΡΧΕΙ
ΣΤΟ ΚΟΣΜΟ...



... ΤΟ ΟΡΑΜΑ ΤΟΥ ΓΙΑ ΑΡΕΙΑ
ΦΥΛΗ ΔΕΝ ΕΙΝΑΙ ΤΙΠΟΤ' ΑΛΛΟ
ΑΠΟ ΠΡΟΠΑΓΑΝΔΑ ΓΙΑ ΝΑ
ΞΕΜΥΑΛΙΣΕΙ ΤΟ ΛΑΟ ΤΟΥ!



ΝΑΙ, ΝΑΙ ΟΛΑ
ΑΥΤΑ ΤΑ ΞΕΡΟΥΜΕ,
ΑΛΛΑ ΑΚΟΜΑ ΔΕΝ ΚΑΤΑΛΑΒΑ
ΓΙΑΤΙ ΑΦΗΣΕΣ ΤΗ ΧΩΡΑ ΣΟΥ,
ΠΟΥ ΔΕΝ ΑΠΕΙΛΕΙΤΑΙ,
ΓΙΑ ΝΑ ΕΡΘΕΙΣ ΕΔΩ



ΟΤΑΝ ΜΕΓΑΛΩΝΕΙΣ
ΜΕ ΤΑ ΙΔΑΝΙΚΑ ΤΩΝ ΕΛΛΗΝΩΝ,
ΜΕ ΤΙΣ ΔΙΔΑΧΕΣ ΤΩΝ ΜΕΓΑΛΩΝ ΦΙΛΟΣΟΦΩΝ
ΚΑΙ ΜΕ ΤΗΝ ΙΔΙΑ ΚΟΥΛΤΟΥΡΑ ΜΕ ΕΣΑΣ ΟΛΟΥΣ
ΤΟΥΣ ΣΥΜΠΑΤΡΙΩΤΕΣ, ΤΟΤΕ ΔΕΝ ΜΠΟΡΕΙΣ
ΝΑ ΜΕΝΕΙΣ ΑΠΡΑΓΟΣ ΣΤΙΣ ΑΠΕΙΛΕΣ ΤΩΝ
ΙΤΑΛΩΝ ΚΑΙ ΓΕΡΜΑΝΩΝ ΝΑ ΣΒΗΣΟΥΝ ΤΟ
ΦΩΣ ΤΗΣ ΕΛΛΑΔΑΣ ΑΠΟ ΤΟ
ΧΑΡΤΗ!



ACHTUNG! ΚΑΛΙΣΘΕΝΗ,
Ο ΔΙΕΥΘΥΝΤΗΣ ΘΕΛΕΙ
ΝΑ ΣΕ ΔΕΙ!



ΠΩΩΩΣ ΚΑΙ
ΑΓΑΠΗΤΟ ΜΟΥ ΓΟΥΡΟΥΝΙ,
ΓΙΑ ΠΕΣ ΜΟΥ...



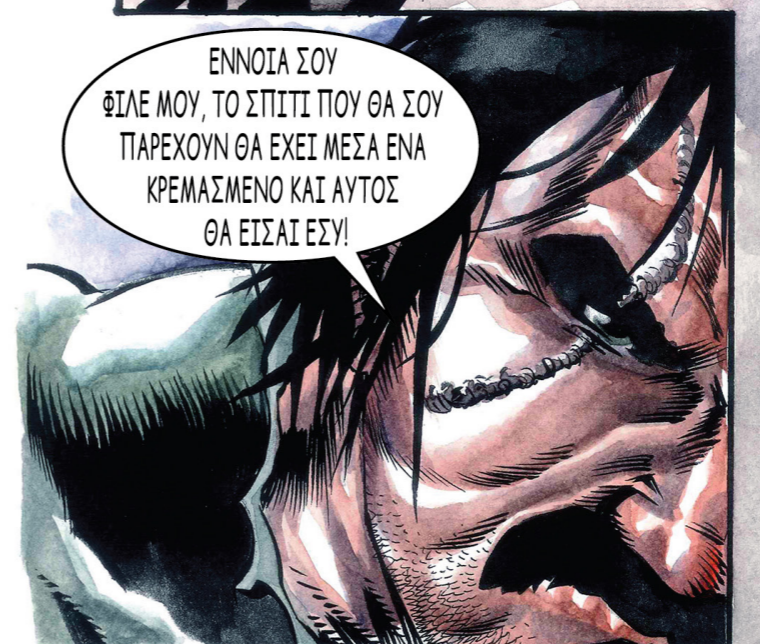
... ΟΤΑΝ ΓΥΡΝΑΣ ΣΠΙΤΙ ΣΟΥ ΤΟ ΒΡΑΔΥ,
ΔΕΝ ΞΕΣΤΙΑΣ ΣΕ ΛΥΓΜΟΥΣ ΚΑΘΩΣ
ΣΥΝΕΙΔΗΤΟΠΟΙΕΙΣ ΟΤΙ ΠΡΟΔΩΣΕΣ
ΤΗ ΠΑΤΡΙΔΑ ΣΟΥ;



Η ΣΥΝΕΙΔΗΣΗ ΜΟΥ
ΕΙΝΑΙ ΚΑΘΑΡΗ. ΕΓΩ ΘΑ ΓΕΡΑΣΩ
ΜΕΣΑ ΣΤΟ ΣΠΙΤΙ ΠΟΥ ΘΑ ΜΟΥ ΠΑΡΕΧΟΥΝ
ΟΙ Σ.Σ. ΜΕ ΤΗΝ ΟΙΚΟΓΕΝΕΙΑ ΜΟΥ. ΕΝΩ ΕΣΥ
ΘΑ ΖΗΣΕΙΣ ΜΙΑ ΖΩΗ ΜΟΥΝΤΗ ΚΑΙ
ΑΦΟΡΗ ΕΔΩ ΣΤΙΣ ΦΥΛΑΚΕΣ!



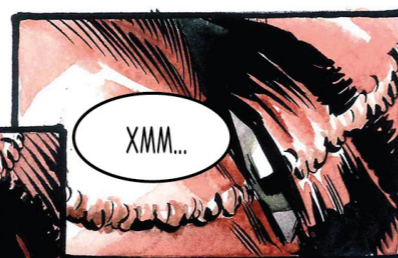
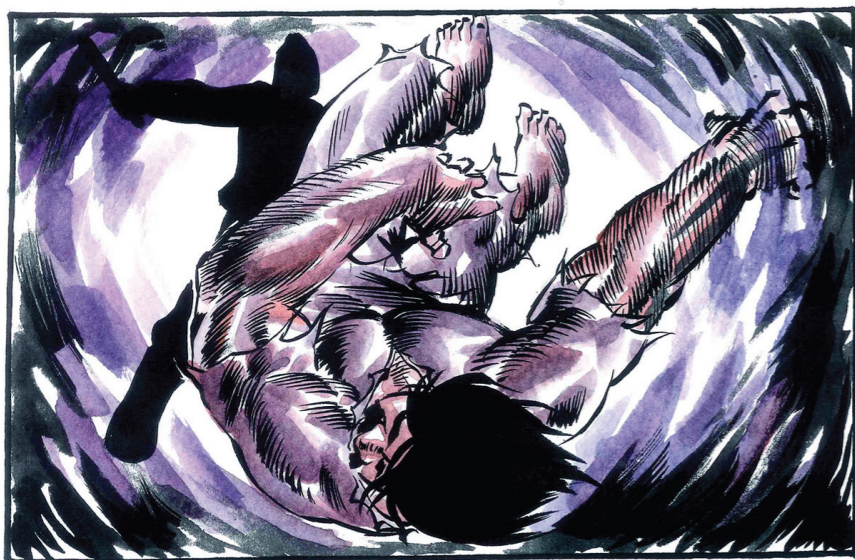
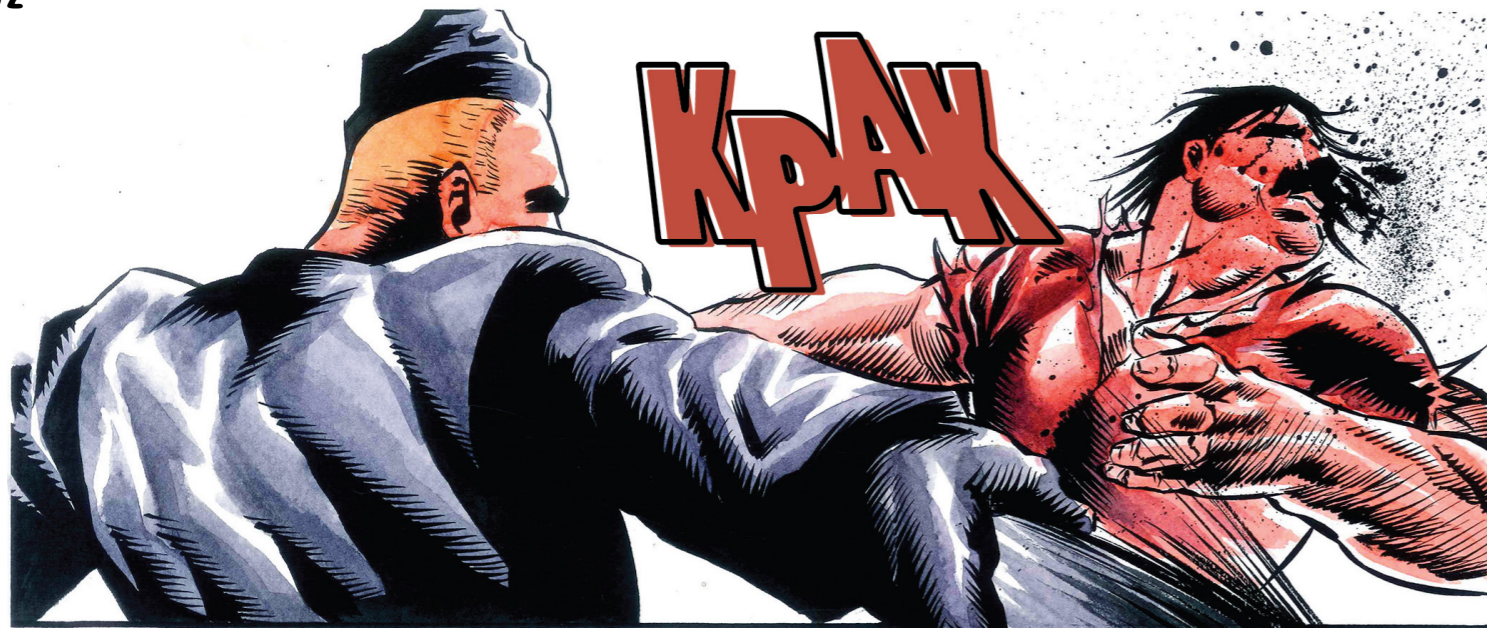
ΑΪ ΣΤΟ ΔΙΑΒΟΛΟ
ΚΑΘΑΡΜΑ!!!



ΕΝΝΟΙΑ ΣΟΥ
ΦΙΛΕ ΜΟΥ, ΤΟ ΣΠΙΤΙ ΠΟΥ ΘΑ ΣΟΥ
ΠΑΡΕΧΟΥΝ ΘΑ ΕΧΕΙ ΜΕΣΑ ΕΝΑ
ΚΡΕΜΑΣΜΕΝΟ ΚΑΙ ΑΥΤΟΣ
ΘΑ ΕΙΣΑΙ ΕΣΥ!



ΧΜΜΜ...



Αγαπητέ αναγνώστη,

τούτο που κρατάς στα χέρια σου, είν' ένα σπλάχνο από δύο μίνι-νέρντουλες των κόμικ. Δεν έχουμε ακαδημαϊκή γνώση στο θέμα (εκτος απ' τον Ηλία στο design), δεν το παίζουμε τζιαι... αρτίστες. Γενικά δε ξέρουμε τζιαι ιδιαίτερα που βαδίζουμε :p. Απλά μαζευτήκαμε δυο ξένοι στην αρχή, να κάνουμε κάτι που να δείχνει την αγάπη μας για το είδος. Το περιεχόμενο είναι για άτομα άνω των 12 αρα καταλαβαίνεις εννα υπάρξουν βωμο-λοχίες τζιαι ασέλγειες που δεν επιτρέπονται κανονικά από την ιερά ημών εκκλησία. Χαλάρωσε, αν θέλεις πάρμε στη τουαλέτα μαζί σου για παρέα τζιαι θκιάβασ' με!

Επικοινωνήστε μαζί μας:

✉ theancientcowboy@hotmail.com

f Ο Καουμπόι της Αρχαιότητας /
The Ancient Cowboy

Επίσης, μπορείτε να εγγραφείτε στην σελίδα μας στο Tapas:

TheAncientCowboy

Υ.Γ. 1 Για όσους έχουν αντικρουόμενες απόψεις με κάτι ή κάποιον, τους υπενθυμίζουμε ότι είναι χαρακτήρες τζιαι όχι η ακριβής άποψη μας στο θέμα τζιαι επίσης την τότε «αύρα» της κοινωνίας σε Ελλάδα και Κύπρο.

Υ.Γ. 2 Ο Ηλίας έννε μόνο στα σκίτσα γνώστης αλλά τζιαι στο design, photoshop κτλ. Έσσειε τζιαι Instagram τζιαι Facebook page, "elias_neophytou" & "Elias Neo" αντίστοιχα.

Υ.Γ. 3 Σόρρυ (ή ευτυχώς) αλλά ως δαμέ εν τα πολλά τα κυπριακά... (που πάλε ήταν soft η αλήθεια να λέγεται)

Υ.Γ. 4 Σόρρυ για τα πολλά τα υστερόγραφα!



Κιοφτές

Υλικά:

500γρ κιμά (χοιρινό)
3 πατάτες (τριμμένες στο λεπτό τρίφτη και στραγγισμένες πολύ καλά) περίπου 400γρ στραγγισμένες
80γρ μαϊντανό φρέσκο (ψιλοκομμένο)
80γρ δυόσμο φρέσκο (ψιλοκομμένο)
2 κουταλιές καπίρα
1 αυγό (χτυπημένο)
1 κουταλάκι πιπέρι
1 κουταλάκι αλάτι
1 κουταλιά ξύδι
Ηλιέλαιο για τηγάνισμα

Εκτέλεση

Σε ένα μεγάλο μπολ, ανακατεύουμε όλα μας τα υλικά μέχρι να έχουμε ένα μείγμα που να μην είναι πολύ σφιχτό, ίσα ίσα λίγο υγρό για να μπορέσουν οι κεφτέδες μας να βγουν αφράτοι.

Αφήνουμε στο ψυγείο για 1-2 ώρες να ξεκουραστεί το μείγμα μας και να μπορέσουμε να πλάσουμε τους κεφτέδες μας μετά.

Αφού περάσουν οι 2 ώρες, πλάθουμε τα κεφτεδάκια μας το ίδιο μέγεθος. Περίπου θα έχουμε γύρω στα 30 κεφτεδάκια. Σε ένα τηγάνι αντικολλητικό, προσθέτουμε αρκετό ηλιέλαιο (2-3 δάχτυλα από τον πάτο) για να μπορέσουμε να τηγανίσουμε τους κεφτέδες ομοιόμορφα.

Μόλις ζεσταθεί καλά το λάδι μας, προσθέτουμε σιγά σιγά τους κεφτέδες μας και αφήνουμε να ροδίσουν και να τηγανιστούν καλά από την μία μεριά. Έπειτα τους γυρνάμε από την άλλη μεριά και περιμένουμε να τηγανιστούν καλά και πάλι.

(ΠΡΟΣΟΧΗ: ΔΕΝ ΒΑΖΟΥΜΕ ΤΟΥΣ ΚΕΦΤΕΔΕΣ ΟΛΟΥΣ ΜΑΖΙ. ΛΙΓΟΥΣ ΛΙΓΟΥΣ ΓΙΑ ΝΑ ΤΗΓΑΝΙΣΤΟΥΝ ΣΩΣΤΑ)

Αφού κάνουμε τη διαδικασία αυτή 4-5 φορές (με βάση το ότι έχουμε 30 κεφτεδάκια), αφαιρούμε σε απορροφητικό χαρτί κουζίνας.

Σερβίρουμε έπειτα από 4-5 λεπτά για να κρυώσουν λίγο.

Καλή σας όρεξη.

Το **thecooktherapy**
για περισσότερες συνταγές: thecooktherapy.com



RACBET
KRISTINE KOKINA





**PHOTOSYNTHEESE +
OUT IN THE OPEN**
MIKAELLA SOCRATOUS
AKA SQUIRMING.MANTIS

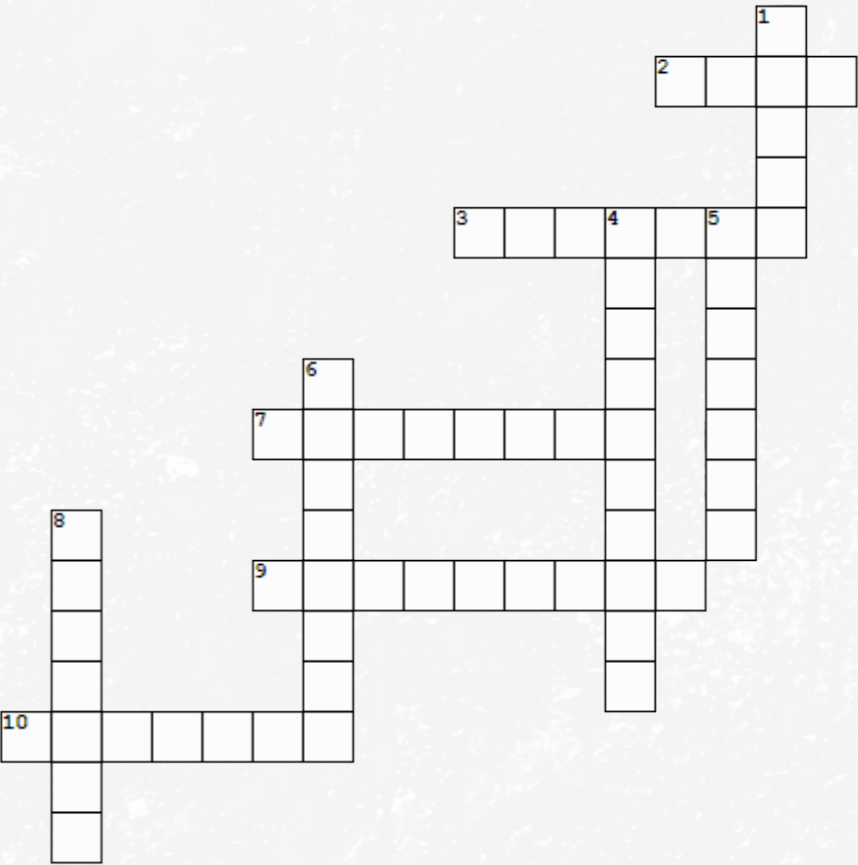
Good News

In the waiting room I stare down at my worn shoes,
holes in the fabric where a child’s superhero sneakers might light up.
Contrasting dirt brown against sterile white flooring,
the picture is familiar and again I wonder
if these feet so ready to leap will ever bring good news
to someone like me in the future where I am free.
I guess I should focus on my present,
a continued exhaustion of “how are you feeling?”
“is the medication working this time?”
and “have you had thoughts of ...”
But what choice do I have but endure?
Perhaps there is path, while I have shoes to walk,
on which a child with light up sneakers might
be walking too, waiting for me on the other side.

By Connor Orrico

Κυπριακά χωρκά

Τσιεκκάρετε τα στοιχεία τζαι έβρετε τα χωρκά



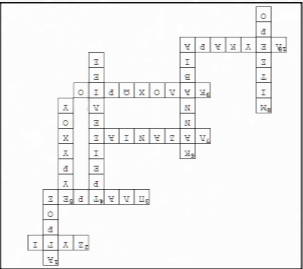
Οριζόντια

- 1. Γνωστό για τα τριαντάφυλλα του
- 4.τζαι μιά τομάτα
- 5. Εδώ βρίσκεται το Κυπριακό μουσείο σιδηρόδρομου
- 6. Ονομάστηκε έτσι λόγω της εκτεταμενης καλλιέργειας κάνναβης
- 8. Έσσιη κούσπο στο...

Κάθετα

- 2. Φημίζεται για τις φαροταβέρνες του
- 3. Εδώ δημιουργήθηκε το brandy sour!
- 7. Θυμίζει Ιταλικό φαγητό....αλλα δεν είναι
- 9. Above average χωριό
- 10. Γνωστό για τα κεντήματα του

Απαντήσεις



Kolkata: A tale of two cities

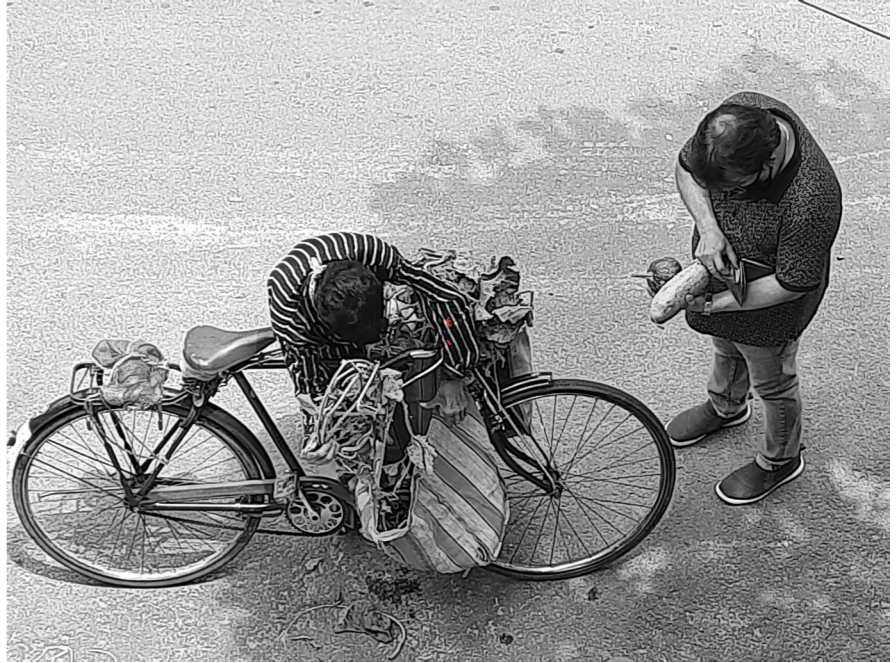
Kolkata, earlier known as Calcutta, was the capital of erstwhile British India. Today, an estimated 4.5 million people live across the Eastern Indian city; the population of the city alone four times that of Cyprus, an island country.

Stark inequalities underpin the city. It is home to Nobel Laureate Amartya Sen and Mother Teresa. It also provides a safe house to 10,000 sex-workers living in the brothels of Sonagachi, Asia's largest red-light district. Labourers toil at construction sites under soaring temperatures of 40°C raking in €5 daily. On a lucky day, Rickshaw-pullers earn anything between €4-6 (500-600 Rupees) but modern modes of transportation have stymied their living. Other daily wage earners – cobblers, street-side vendors, and ragpickers- are all scrounging up two square meals on state and central government aid in a Coronavirus driven lockdown. Concerned about the shape of the economy, the city is gearing up on an exit strategy. But the sex workers and daily wage earners remain at the risk of contracting the virus with poor hygiene and sanitation facilities both at home and work.

This is how Kolkata knows starvation, death and suffering. It mourned the loss of 3 million people in the Bengal Famine of 1943. And now, it prepares to revisit its past.

By Priyanka Mehta





I TAKE MY PIECE OF SKY

ALEXANDRA KRSTIĆ

Always the same, but always different is the sky that lies above our heads. During the lockdown due to the catastrophic, global presence of Covid-19, walking or running around the neighbourhood was one of the freedoms that kept me sane. It was a way to stay connected to the physical world without inviting any unnecessary risks. Living in Cyprus means you need a car to go about your day (a good excuse to avoid walking). But as I have been living in the centre of Nicosia since I was five years old, I always had the chance to walk to my destination without stopping to catch a breath. Walking always gave me the liberating feeling of observing and letting my thoughts be guided by the images, sounds and smells that I encountered along the way. During the quarantine, meeting friends, going to bars, clubs or to the gym, teaching in an actual classroom and all that constituted my past life had vanished. I was left with a virtual classroom, virtual relationships and walking or running in the afternoons. It was then that I started really noticing the strangeness of the sky. Although, it's so familiar, an entity always there, it looked different to my eyes every time I went out. I do not remember seeing the same sky twice during those days. The ever-changing sky, with myriad colours, different clouds forming peculiar patterns, hues of yellow, blue, purple, never failed to move me and the variety of it all was in stark contrast with my own stuck state. Maybe it was my need for a change. I started photographing (as an amateur photographer) the different patterns, thinking obsessively that the sky is nature's canvas, the place where nature has the chance to show us its feelings and moods, and the soothing feeling I derived from that activity, acting as a kind of therapy, I still carry with me today as I am writing this piece, a couple of days before the lock down ends and we return to the new kind of normal. A new normal that no one can really put into words, as how normal is it to see your friends, after so much time, and not give them a big and prolonged hug? Or seeing random people and automatically moving away from them? I guess at least, we will still have the sky, the mountains, the sea, always there and always changing.



The fact that the sky never reproduced the exact same pattern reminded me of a quote in *Camera Lucida* by Roland Barthes on photography: 'What the Photograph reproduces to infinity has occurred only once: the Photograph mechanically repeats what could never be repeated existentially.' This capturing of a single moment, keeping a piece from a life forever, a dead moment deriving life from the medium of photography, reflects the universal need of humans to preserve memories, since without memories we would be similar to jellyfish, floating aimlessly in the ocean. Photographs ground us, remind us of who and where we were, the different thoughts we had when we were capturing a unique, fleeting moment or when a moment captured us. When we look at a photograph, we are not only reminded of the thoughts and feelings we experienced at that particular moment in the past, we are reminded of the thoughts we had the first time we looked at it, the second and the hundredth time, how a feeling of excitement can be easily replaced because of the passage of time by a feeling of nostalgia or even embarrassment (especially when you look at photographs from when you were a teenager). Different feelings also arise when we look at photographs of people who used to be part of our daily lives but were at some point kicked out from it because of a conflict or mere fate, photographs of landscapes we visited, photographs of close friends, photographs of grandparents and uncles and aunts that we never had the chance to meet because death took them before we even had the chance to be born.

But when it comes to the sky (and other nature photography) I have one, constant feeling. Even though I have taken and I have seen a myriad amount of photographs of the sky with different hues, taken at different times of the day, with sun or thunder, I always have a the same feeling when I look at the sky or a photograph of it: awe. I look at how beautiful, massive and never ending it is and I feel small. I feel a part of something bigger. I feel nostalgia for simpler days. I feel almost inhuman, like I am (for a second) an alien to this world.



Moonshine – Jose Olivarez

the poets are right about the moonlight.

i take my spot of sky & deposit it

into a savings account. only after

the bank confiscated our house

did i understand. roses

don't grow without pricked hands.

i didn't have to spend a summer in a freezer

packing lunch meat to know the value

of sunlight. my mom didn't have

to spend a decade wiping down floors to appreciate

education. when i give you a bouquet of roses,


i give you a bouquet of bloody hands.

a handful of dirt & the worms that doted on your roses.

when i take my piece of sky out of the bank,

it's smaller. the drunks are right about moonshine

This poem by Jose Olivarez called moonshine is another one of the things that inspired me to start photographing the sky with such dedication. The poem employs an ironic, factual tone and combines romantic imagery (moonshine, rose) with elements of the mundane, everyday life (freezer, packing lunch). The lack of capital letters after the dots implies that there is no hierarchy in the content presented in the poem, as romanticism, financial problems and the mundane, harsh everyday life are all one and the same. I think this poem describes humanity's relationship with nature, money, and romanticism in the 21st century perfectly. How we sacrifice our creativity, to save money or to simply survive but all that we are left with is always something less. My favourite line from the poem is 'I take my spot of sky', as a photograph is always a smaller part of something bigger, it's more of a frame rather than an actual representation of a whole. When I take a photograph of the sky, I too 'take my piece' of the world, a constant struggle to feel part of something bigger, by creating the illusion of belonging, by presenting to others how I see that piece, like collecting seashells from the beach or fallen leaves from a tree.



Check out these books:

The Joke by Milan Kundera

Essays In Love by Alain De Botton

Hello World by Hannah Fry

The Plague by Albert Camus

Smarter Faster Better: The Secrets of Being

Productive in Life and Business by Charles Duhigg

Captain Corelli's Mandolin by Louis de Bernières

Modernist Bread by Francisco Migoya

Station Eleven by Emily St. Mandel

The Picture of Dorian Gray by Oscar Wilde

The Magician by William Somerset Maugham

Filling the Void: Emotion, Capitalism and

Social Media by Marcus-Gilroy Ware.

The Catcher in the Rye by J. D. Salinger

CREATE

EXPLORE
YOUR
iMAGiNATION

LOTUS iSLAND

SEND YOUR iDEAS &
JOIN OUR COMMUNITY.

JOIN US ON OUR JOURNEY
AND HELP US CREATE A
COLLABORATIVE AND
FRIENDLY ENVIRONMENT
WHERE EVERYONE CAN SHARE
THEIR iDEAS, CONCERNS AND
PERSPECTIVES

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